

TWENTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 27, 1954



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VOL. LXIV NO. 13



Apologies from Carter's to man's *former* best friend

Be it never said that the clever designing of Carter's Trigs is a diabolical plot to win man's heart away from his dog. Or even from his wife.

It just happens that Carter's has unique skill in fashioning knitted underwear with its superior comforts. Resilience, for freedom of movement. No wrinkles. Healthfully porous and absorbent.

To these advantages add smart styling. In Nylon and Chromspun . . . Orlon tricot . . . soft, combed cotton. In a

choice of prudent colors and stripes.

What pets men make of these garments! Is it because "Trigs Boxers" suggests a gallant canine breed? Or because Trigs Briefs make you think of whippet streamlining?

More likely it's all-round thoroughbred performance and appearance. Trigs (including Trigs Shirts) have *best-of-show* class. Trigs . . . man's best friend. Dog-gone comfortable. The William Carter Co., Needham Heights, Mass.



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RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Where a half-hour delay can cost 1,000 loaves of bread

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

THAT giant combine cuts and threshes 50 acres of wheat a day, rolling from daylight to dark, traveling from Mexico to Canada. The "works" were driven by three rubber V belts.

Whirling thousands of times a day, bouncing over rough fields, in heat and dust, those V belts would stretch and break. Then everything stopped; sometimes the wheat would get over-ripe and fall; a sudden hard rain could ruin the crop. Experts say a single half-hour delay sometimes reduced the harvest by enough wheat to make 1,000 loaves of bread.

Every belt maker tried to make a better V belt but B. F. Goodrich was

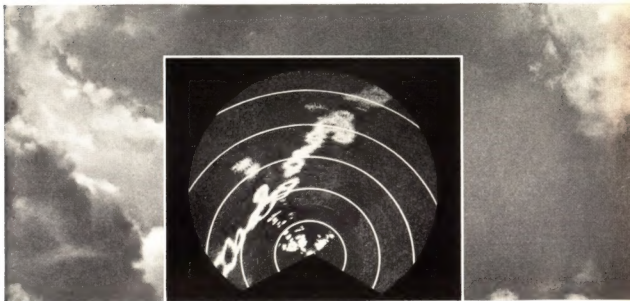
the one that succeeded. Now just one B. F. Goodrich Grommet belt lasts longer than a set of 3 of any other make; they keep hundreds of big combines working all season long without any delays for belt replacement.

On the outside, a Grommet belt looks like an ordinary V belt. But buried inside the tough rubber of the B. F. Goodrich belt are two grommets, made by winding cord on itself to form an endless loop. It's these two grommets that make the B. F. Goodrich belt strong enough to last months or years instead of days.

Yet even now, with a record like this, B. F. Goodrich engineers are

looking for ways to make this V belt better. Improvement is always going on at B. F. Goodrich. No product is too unimportant to get its share. That's why the V belts, conveyor belts, hose and hundreds of other things you buy from B. F. Goodrich today can be expected to be better than you bought even last year. To find out what some of these recent money-saving improvements can do for you, call your BFG distributor, or write *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-314, Akron 18, Ohio.*
Groommet—T. M. The B. F. Goodrich Co.

B.F. Goodrich
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
DIVISION



Actual storm ahead as pilot sees it on radar scope. It indicates that, by changing course very slightly, he will find a smooth, safe route.

Bendix AIRBORNE RADAR...

Bendix* Airborne Radar, a device carried right in the airplane to spot storms miles ahead, has been used by the military for several years. Now Bendix is supplying it to airline and company-owned aircraft.

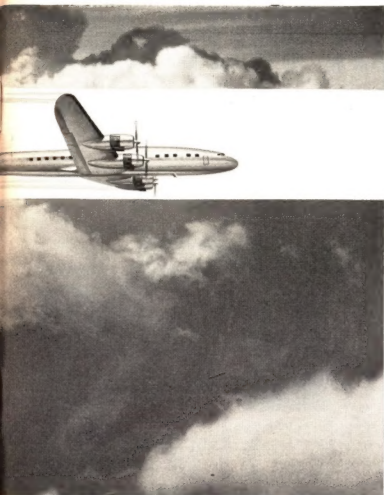
This new device does what human eyes cannot do. It not only sees up to 150 miles ahead, even in the blackest night, but also looks right through storms and shows their size and intensity.

In the small photo above, for example, you can see white areas which are a line of storms. Those with black centers represent great turbulence. With only a slight change in course the pilot avoided these storms.

Airlines are buying Bendix Airborne Radar because it makes possible a more comfortable, swifter ride on a more direct course. Without airborne radar it has often been necessary to fly many extra miles to avoid storms whose areas and intensities were not definitely known.

Pilots hail it as one of aviation's most important developments, not only because of its storm-warning accuracy, but because it also acts as a navigational aid. Even in heavy overcasts it can see rivers, mountains and the outline of the terrain below. Write Bendix Radio Division in Baltimore for further information.

This is one of the hundreds of products Bendix has



finds a smooth corridor through stormy skies!

developed and manufactured for the aviation industry. We also make hundreds of other automotive, electronic, nuclear and chemical components and devices for those and scores of other industries. A request on your company letterhead will bring you "Bendix and Your Business"—the complete Bendix story on how we can contribute to your business. For engineers interested in a career with us, we have another booklet "Bendix and Your Future."

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LETTERS

The Christian Hope

Sir:

Thank you for the superb report [Sept. 6] on Evanston . . . Your summary highlights much of that digestible bread of life which can nourish us all and strengthen hope in very practical respects. Thank God for the outcome and promise of the second World Assembly.

(THE REV.) PHILIP WALBORN

The Presbytery of Spokane
Reardan, Wash.

Sir:

Congratulations on your excellent cover story on the Evanston World Council Assembly and the Archbishop of Canterbury . . . Few men so well epitomize in their own persons the ideals and spirit of ecumenical Christianity, and none moved more helpfully through the Evanston Assembly. But TIME's stated reason for its choice—that "the world-wide Anglican Communion [is] the exemplary ecumenical church"—is not wholly convincing. If what TIME means is that the Anglican Communion embraces extremes in doctrine, polity and politics, that is a fact . . . On the other hand, if TIME is echoing the claim, so dear to many Anglicans, that the Anglican Communion has a providentially destined role as the focal point of Christian Unity—a "bridge-church" which shall ultimately unite traditional Catholicism, whether Roman or Eastern, and the varieties of Protestantism—this whole contention requires "ecumenical" scrutiny . . .

If we think of the major Christian Communions as arranged along a line, somewhat like parties in a legislature, from right to left according to their proximity to, or distance from, traditional Catholicism, the "right" embraces in turn the orthodox churches: Anglicanism, Lutheranism and Presbyterianism. Proceeding from the opposite end of the line at the extreme "left," we find the Friends, the Baptists, the Disciples of Christ, the Congregationalists, other smaller bodies sprung from the "radical Reformation," and the Methodists; these account for well over 40% of the World Council's membership. In the center,



VAN DUSEN

uniting within their membership churches of both "right" and "left," stand a whole group of "united" churches—the United Church of Canada, the Church of Christ in Japan, the Evangelical Church of the Philippines, the United Church of North India, the Church of South India, and others. They are at the center of gravity, the fulcrum, of ecumenical Christianity . . .

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

Sorrento, Me.

Sir:

The ecumenical movement is an unscriptural dream of a papal protestantism and regimented Christianity. It strives for union at the cost of unity . . .

MEROLD E. WESTPHAL

Pastor

Independent Presbyterian Church
Greensboro, N. C.

Sir:

In one of the university dining halls at Evanston, the dignified Archbishop of Canterbury, in his handsome purple cassock, followed by his wife, moved slowly in line, carrying trays cafeteria-style . . . Both exhibited . . . superb good humor in adjusting themselves to this American style of dining. Refreshing was the Archbishop's intimate fellowship with Presiding Bishop Sherrill of the American Protestant Episcopal Church. Affectionately he called him "Henry," while he in turn called the Archbishop "Jeff." I wonder how many Britishers would dare to say "Jeff" to the man who crowned Queen Elizabeth!

WILLIAM B. LIPPHARD

New York City

Sir:

Archbishop Fisher's "devastating dictum," describing everybody who is not a Communist or a convinced Christian as an amiable nonentity, smacks of self-adulation and strikes me as somewhat less than humility. I wonder what the gentle Christ would say to that on the occasion of His second coming.

JAN GOLDBERGER

New York City

Down on the Farm

Sir:

Come now, it is all right to praise the University of Iowa (TIME, Sept. 6), but do you need to treat Iowa State College so cavalierly? By saying, "those of its citizens who

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Nicotine!*

MIRACLE TIP



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want only a practical education are either drained off to Iowa State College in Ames or simply stay down on the farm," you make Iowa State sound like a one-horse (or cow) institution. Actually, it is among the very finest in the country in engineering, home economics, chemistry and physics . . .

NANCY F. BULLOCK

Pearl River, N. Y.

Sir:

. . . Would you please explain in what sense an S.U.I. hydraulic engineer is liberally educated? Maybe at the "Athens of the West" a hydraulic engineer is one who specializes in "draining off" practical persons and other incompetents to I.S.C.?

DALE SWARTZENRUBER

Ames, Iowa

Sir:

You really hit the jackpot with your wonderful coverage . . . It was no more than S.U.I. richly deserves, but it is nonetheless highly gratifying to see credit given where credit is due. The color pictures were beautiful . . .

ANN SHARP

Tuba

Sir:

The article is one of the best you have had, but . . . just when did the farmers of Iowa and the students and graduates of Iowa State College become eligible to be classified as illiterates? . . . Ever since I can remember it has been said that anyone with money and a little pull could go to S.U.I. and get a degree, but you had to have brains to get one from Iowa State College. When I was attending I.S.C., the saying went: "Plunk out at Iowa State and be on the honor roll at Iowa U." . . .

WILLIAM A. MINERT

Jewell, Iowa

A Kidd at Heart

Sir:

One can cheer for the import of Scotch whisky, but perhaps there ought to be a stiffer tariff on Scotch whimsey. The latest cinematic highball, *High and Dry* [TIME, Sept. 13], is every bit as charming as your excellent movie reviewer says it is, in fact, so relentlessly charming that about halfway through one longs for a refreshing draft of Mickey Spillane. But underneath all the charm, the picture is a perfect allegory of America's fate in Europe.

The American executive (Paul Douglas) is courteous, kind and angelically patient with his blundering British underling, who must be the sole support of an aging chorus girl; there is no other reason why the man shouldn't be fired. Thanks to this hovel-hatted schlemiel, Douglas' valuable cargo is taken over by the captain of a God-forsaken rustbucket, who is obviously just a Kidd at heart. All Douglas wants, in return for ample pay, is to get a job done quickly and honestly. Instead, he is robbed, cheated, tricked, lied to, made a fool of, disloyaled, ignored, kicked around, drenched, almost left to drown and hit over the head . . .

When the engine is about to explode and the panicky crew is ready to abandon ship, Douglas sweats and strains to fix it—only to have the captain run the ship on a reef. Still, the cargo could be saved, but Douglas—finally convinced himself that he is a money-mad villain, while the sentimental crooks are the salt of the earth—decides to throw his cargo overboard in order to save the old tub that is of little use to anyone. And so we come to the shot of the sinking crates containing (note symbolism) bathtubs and ice-boxes.

That's America in Europe: taken for our money, cheated, fooled, our advice ignored,

our skills wasted, our intentions sneered at—and in the end we wind up believing that it's all our fault and that there is something morally and esthetically fine about old rust-buckets . . .

FLETCHER GRIMM

New York City

Open Wide

Sir:

Until I read the Sept. 6 Miscellaneous [James V. Garvey of Portland, Ore. couldn't get his motorcycle through the saloon door because "the handle bars proved too narrow . . ."] I always thought that handle bars that were too wide wouldn't go through any given opening, but that if they were too narrow, they would.

F. R. McWILLIAMS

Grand Rapids

Sir:

. . . If an umbrella can go up a rain-water spout down, but can't come down a rain-water spout up, why did the motorcycle handle bars get caught if they were too narrow for the saloon door?

F. R. McWILLIAMS

Grand Rapids

Lancaster, Pa.

¶ TIME had its up side down.—ED.

Journey Into the Interior (Contd.)

Sir:

Thank you for such a good story on Secretary McKay and his Department of the Interior [Aug. 23]. It makes an excellent case history for my classes in public administration here in Bangkok where we are starved for materials of this kind . . .

JOHN HOLDEN

Bangkok, Thailand

Sir:

. . . If Giveaway McKay wants to get rid of our national forests, let him give them back to the Indians, whom he also wants to wash out of Interior hair. Then . . . maybe we could persuade the Indians to set aside a few trees for me and other unprofessional nature lovers to sit under during our vacations. I strongly suspect that Mr. McKay has friends, not only among the cattle barons and lumber kings, but also among the motel magnates, who gnash their teeth at the thought of the millions of Americans who annually go camping in our national forests and parks.

KAY GROVE

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir:

. . . The line of straightforward reasoning and policy set by Secretary McKay is merely another reason for my belief in the Eisenhower Administration and its attempt to return the simple, straightforward type of government for the people, not the politicians.

JOHN G. WARMATH

Auburn, Ala.

Presidential P.S.

SIR:

"EXCUSE ME, BUT VARGAS' BLAMING AMERICANS FOR HIS DOWNFALL IN HIS FAREWELL LETTER WAS NOT ONLY A VAGUE PHRASE AGAINST 'INTERNATIONAL FINANCIAL GROUPS' [TIME, SEPT. 6]. HE ALSO SAID, 'THE COPEL CRISIS CAME, AND OUR MAIN PRODUCT WAS VALORIZED; WE TRIED TO PROTECT ITS PRICE, AND THE ANSWER WAS SUCH A VIOLENT PRESSURE ON OUR ECONOMY THAT WE WERE FORCED TO GIVE UP' . . . IT IS AMAZING HOW VAGUE YOU CAN BE ABOUT CREATING AMERICAN DEMAGOGUERY WHICH IS NOT PURELY COMMUNIST."

CARLOS LACERDA

RIO DE JANEIRO



Stetson Hallmark, Twelve Ninety-Five

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If you're like most men and want a hat designed with one purpose in mind—a woman...then this brand new Stetson Hallmark is for you. From smart bound edge to medium height crown, this mellowed, lightweight felt is a true example of

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Only Generals have Nygen



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"And was she mad! She had a right to be. The porch was a wreck, and porches come high these days.

"The way it happened — Helen and I drove over to my brother's house on top of King's Hill. I thought I parked the car on a level spot and set the brake as usual.

"While we were inside, the car got rolling. I still can't explain how. That's a steep hill — the car really rolled. Then — CRASH!

"The only thing that calmed the lady was my mention of Liberty Mutual insurance. She even let me use her telephone to call the Liberty office. Said she'd seen their advertising and she felt they'd take care of the damage. She was right — they

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Illustrated above: The BROADMOOR. Light British Tan or Wine Call.

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WALK-OVER

Vel-Flex

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

After recently completing a vacation trip through Canada, I headed back to Canada again almost immediately. This time the trip was in line of duty. At Ste.-Adele-en-haut, Que., we had scheduled a meeting of the people who work on TIME's Canadian edition.

The meeting at Ste.-Adele included editors, writers and researchers from New York, our resident Canadian advertising sales force, circulation and promotion people and TIME correspondents. In round-table groups and seminars we had a chance to examine our various jobs, review some history of TIME in Canada, and take a look at the future. I would like to pass along the highlights of just three of the areas we reviewed.

ONE was a report from our circulation department. Not many companies get a second chance to prove the soundness of their basic principles all over again. TIME had such a chance when we began the Canadian edition in 1943. In a different country we were able to test, 20 years after its inception, the whole news-magazine idea and its appeal to an educated, English-reading people. In its first year the Canadian edition of TIME reached a circulation of 45,500. Five years later the figure had spiraled to 110,600. This year TIME's circulation in Canada is 164,600—reaching one family in every 21 across the country.

The Canadian edition of TIME carries its own advertising, and our Canadian advertising sales manager, Bradley Gundy, who organized and ran the Ste.-Adele meeting, reported on this side of the



business: In our first year, TIME Canadian carried 196 pages of advertising. As the country's economy expanded and more and more industry developed in Canada, advertising in general also expanded. By 1949 we had passed the thousand mark of advertising pages in the magazine. And last year saw an all-time high, when advertisers placed a total of 2,152 pages in our Canadian edition.

People read TIME to get the news of their day. And the span of TIME in Canada since 1943 has covered a burgeoning of industry, finance and population in the country. For Larry Laybourne, TIME's chief of correspondents, this visit to Canada was like coming back home. In 1944 we had one news bureau, in Ottawa, and Laybourne ran it. Today we have bureaus not only in Ottawa, but also in Toronto and Montreal. In addition, we now have a network of 30 part-time correspondents, from the Yukon to Newfoundland, who help insure our getting the best possible coverage of the news.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

McGREGOR MAKES NEWS WITH ORLON®



Now soft-touch sweaters are comfortable, practical!

Here's a new idea in sportswear to help make your leisure hours more enjoyable... sweaters of "Orlon". They have the rich appearance and soft texture you've always liked in sweaters. But "Orlon" adds a new practicality. It gives them an easy washability, eliminates need for

blocking or stretching. It makes them light in weight, yet comfortably warm. And moths have no appetite for "Orlon". McGREGOR uses 100% DuPont "Orlon" acrylic fiber in these handsome sweaters. See them now at fine stores in your shopping area.

Orlon®



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or garments.



THE MAN WHO WANTED SOME FIRE INSURANCE!

by Mr. Friendly

The house was full of flame and smoke
When Henry Hockett phoned and spoke...

He said, "I'd like to inquire
About some insurance for fire!"

Above the roar I heard him say,
"I'd kind of like some *right away!*"

He said, "I also desire
Your guide on how to check fire!"

The sirens shrieked, the engines came
And tons of water doused the flame.

Henry said "If it's all the same...
Now I'd like to put in a claim!"



AMERICAN MUTUAL

*Service from salaried representatives in 78 offices!
Savings from regular substantial dividends!*

* Written by our affiliate, Allied American Fire Ins. Co.

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IMPORTANT MONEY-SAVING NEWS FOR ALL HOMEOWNERS!

You have an opportunity to save up to 25% by insuring your home and its contents with Mr. Friendly*. Also to prevent fires and save lives Mr. Friendly offers you for only 15¢ (to cover cost of mailing) a new 50¢ fully-illustrated guide to Home Fire Safety. This new issue of "WATCH" magazine may be a life-saver for your family. For your copy, write: Dept. D-146, American Mutual Liability Insurance Co., 112 Berkeley St., Boston 16, Mass.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

ELECTIONS

Remember Maine

A grizzled oldster squinted out at the cattle ring of Maine's Oxford County fair and twanged a fateful political declaration. "B'God," said he, "I say I'll vote for any man regardless of party if I like him." Last week—and thousands of other individualists in ironclad Republican Maine proceeded collectively to do the politically inconceivable: they elected a Democratic governor (for the first time since 1934). The winner by a resounding 22,000 votes over Republican Incumbent Burton Cross: Waterville Lawyer Edmund Sixtus Muskie, 40, in whose grey-blue eyes shines a light last seen in the early days of the New Deal.

Less dramatic, but equally worrisome to the national Republican Party, was the fact that the winning margin of G.O.P. Senator Margaret Chase Smith was off twelve percentage points from her margin in 1948. Likewise the winning margins of her three congressional running mates were off by an average twelve percentage points from 1952. Granted that they were running against tougher candidates; this, in itself, betokened better Democratic organization. A national trend one-half that strong would mean disaster for the Republicans this fall.

Budding Grass Roots. Last winter, as Democratic national committeeman, Ed Muskie was resigned to another Democratic licking. With just three weeks to go before the filing deadline, party funds were down to about \$500, and willing candidates were conspicuously absent. Then Muskie detected a budding of the grass roots. Says he: "Towns that had never held a Democratic meeting started calling state headquarters and asking, 'How do we hold a caucus?'"

Thus encouraged, Muskie went to work, managed to round up five good candidates for major offices—including himself and a senatorial aspirant (History Professor Paul Fullam of Colby College) who quoted Socrates while explaining U.S. foreign policy. Using a catchy—and, for Republicans, ironic—slogan ("Maine needs a change"), Muskie made his fight on local issues. There were more than enough. Items:

☞ The unseemly aroma of a liquor scandal, which Republicans survived in 1952, still hung over the state.

☞ Aroostook County potato growers suffered from wet weather and were out-



MAINE'S GOVERNOR-ELECT MUSKIE & FELLOW DEMOCRATS* (AT INDIANAPOLIS)
From a do-it-yourself repairman, the inconceivable.

aged by Governor Cross's stand against price supports.

☞ Textile workers worried about unemployment, and Governor Cross had made no practical attempts to lure new industry to Maine.

☞ Clam diggers had their perennial complaint of flats closed because of pollution.

☞ Sardine workers were hard up—as usual.

Maine-Street Campaign. Moreover, the three Republican bigwigs, Governor Cross, Senator Smith and Senator Frederick G. Payne, had all been working to build up their personal organizations, with little regard for the rapidly deteriorating Republican state machine. (Only at the end of the campaign did Maggie Smith publicly endorse Cross.) Topping all the other Republican problems was Cross's personal unpopularity with the voters. Too unimaginative, tough and cold even for Maine, honest Burton Cross ran an administration that was distinguished, as one observer put it, "for an everlasting aptitude for ineptitude." Democrats made the most of his tactlessness, *e.g.*, although he had conscientiously investigated the severe economic distress in Maine's coastal area, he had remarked that the people would have to "lift themselves by their bootstraps." After naming his campaign manager to Maine's Supreme Judicial

Court, Cross curtly informed newsmen that the governor was "not required to make any explanation" of court selections.

In perfect contrast to the forbidding Cross personality was the winning way of Ed Muskie, who toured the state three times in a handshaking Maine-Street campaign, and—a Catholic himself—managed to find a way to weld together the French-Catholic and the Yankee nonconformist Democrats.

Not until after the election, when he went on display before gleeful Democrats at a party rally in Indianapolis (*see below*), did Muskie decide that his victory represented a nationwide trend. During the campaign he had carefully localized the issues, and it was visiting Republican Richard Nixon who set up the election as a test of Eisenhower popularity. But whatever the long-range implications, Ed Muskie showed Maine—and the nation—what a united, aggressive minority can do to a dissident, lethargic majority.

Although he has the face of an inbred Yankee, with a jaw as granitic as any Saltonstall's, Ed Muskie is the son of a

* From left: Muskie; Indiana's National Committeeman Paul Butler; Adlai Stevenson, Michigan's Governor; G. Mennen Williams, National Chairman; Stephen Mitchell.

Polish immigrant. His father, born Stephen Marciszewski, fled Poland as a 15-year-old refugee from czarist military conscription. He Americanized the family name, learned the tailoring trade, and eventually settled in Rumford. In spite of his sedentary occupation, father Muskie was a confirmed outdoorsman at heart, and Ed became an enthusiastic fisherman, a good skier and a competent trackman in school.

He was just as handy with the books. At Bates College young Muskie was president of his class (1936), Phi Beta Kappa, and voted "the most respected senior, the most likely to succeed and the best scholar." He was also something of a political oddity: when the president of Bates was introduced to Muskie, he remarked: "Oh, so you're the Democrat."

In 1930 Ed Muskie got his law degree from Cornell and set up practice in Waterville. After four years' service as engineering officer aboard a Navy destroyer escort in the Pacific, Muskie went back to Waterville, hung out his shingle again and married a local girl, Jane Gray (who, at 27, will quite possibly be the youngest and prettiest governor's lady in the U.S.). In 1947 he ran for mayor of Waterville and was beaten, then ran successfully for the state legislature, where he served until he resigned in 1950 to become Maine director of the Office of Price Stabilization.

The Muskies and their two children Stephen, 53, and Ellen, 31, live in a \$10,500 Cape Cod cottage in a new section of Waterville. Like most of his neighbors, Ed is a do-it-yourself repairman. Last year, in the midst of some intensive carpentry in his attic, he fell down the stairs, crushed a vertebra. At 40 the governor-elect is a slender, slightly stooped reed standing 6 ft. 4 in. He has curly brown hair, and a gentle, bemused manner that appeals especially to women. He describes himself as "neither a New Dealer nor a Fair Deal Democrat, but a Maine Democrat," nonetheless keeps a watercolor portrait of a caped Franklin Roosevelt behind his office chair, believes devoutly in Adlai Stevenson, and does not argue when friends characterize him as a "Democrat-idealist."

Who Won

In nine states, from Vermont to Washington, primary elections last week proved very little about national trends. In some places more Democrats than usual voted in their party primaries. In most places Senator Joe McCarthy, who once picked himself as 1954's top issue, was no issue at all; the few McCarthyites who reared up were slapped down hard. Notable among nominations for six governorships, five Senate and 42 House seats:

■ In New Hampshire a 100% Ike supporter, a Taft conservative and a fervid McCarthy fan—in that order—ran one, two, three in the Republican race for the two-year remainder of the late Charles Tobey's Senate term. The winner: veteran Congressman Norris Cotton, 54, who at 24 pressed over a G.O.P. state con-

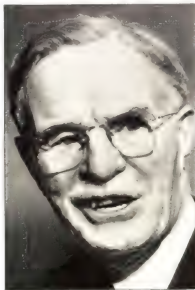


MAINE'S SMITH
Twelve points down.

vention. An old friend of Presidential Adviser Sherman Adams, Cotton came out for Ike back in 1951, is rated a sure winner in November.

■ In Colorado Attorney John Carroll, 43, an oldtime Denver cop and onetime legislative adviser to President Truman beat Denver's young Mayor Quigg Newton for the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator. Then Carroll braced himself for an inevitable hang-up final campaign against Republican Lieutenant Governor Gordon Allott, 47.

■ Colorado's Fourth Congressional District, Pitkin County, gave Incumbent Democrat Wayne Aspinall only 50 votes, but wrote in 80 votes for Congressman



WISCONSIN'S ZIMMERMAN
Eleven times up.

John P. Saylor of far-off Pennsylvania. Reason for Pitkin County's pique: Aspinall favors but Saylor opposes the Frying Pan-Arkansas reclamation project, which would divert Colorado River water from Pitkin's side of the Rockies to the east slope.

■ In Massachusetts Italian-Irish Democrat Foster Furcolo, the choice of the party convention (TIME, June 21), was nominated over two opponents to run against the G.O.P.'s Leverett Saltonstall for the U.S. Senate.

■ In Minnesota Republican Kristjan Valdimar ("Val") Bjornson, an ex-reporter who can and does orate in Icelandic, Finnish, Danish, Swedish and Norwegian, was nominated to run against Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey.

■ In Vermont Consuelo Northrop Bailey, second woman to be speaker of a U.S. state legislature, won the G.O.P. nomination and virtual certainty of becoming the nation's first lady lieutenant governor. Tireless Connie Bailey, 54, who first won office (state's attorney) in 1927, drove 23,000 miles to campaign, handily defeated two strong male opponents, former Governor Harold Arthur and Attorney General F. Elliott Barber Jr.

■ In Washington ex-Senator Hugh Mitchell staged a comeback, won the First District Democratic nomination to run for Congress against G.O.P. Incumbent Tom Pelly, a former Seattle banker.

■ In Wisconsin, McCarthy's home state, McCarthy supporters lost out and Democrats ran up their biggest primary vote in the state's history. Sauk County's blind, legless Republican District Attorney Harlan Kelley, who vigorously opposed the Joe-Must-Go campaign, lost his fight for renomination 1,479 to 4,403, blamed anti-McCarthy feeling in part. Secretary of State Fred Zimmerman, 73, a ten-termer who always tops the ticket but was slated for purge by the G.O.P. machine for attacking McCarthy, once more won by an overwhelming majority over ex-Editor Joyce Larkin, a strong and heavily financed McCarthyite. Afterwards, Mrs. Zimmerman disclosed that her husband had spent the last week of the campaign in St. Luke's Hospital, resting up.

DEMOCRATS

Tom-Toms & Cornballs

The donkey, naturally, was feeling his oats. Last week, as the leaders of the Democratic Party gathered in Indianapolis for their big powwow and campaign curtain-raising ceremonies, their mood was confident, almost jubilant. They were a far cry from the bruised, battered and bewildered Democrats of a few months ago. They had sampled victory in Maine, and it tasted good. Through the ornate, musty corridors, bars and bedrooms of the Chippool Hotel wafted the savory odors of more goodies in November. The Democrats could hardly wait.

The first: Minnie B. Craze, speaker of the North Dakota legislature in 1953.

Love from Harry. There was no genuine business before the national committee. The occasion was just an excuse to give the fall campaign a rousing sendoff, to hold informal clinics on the health of the party, and to coach freshmen candidates in the fine art of campaigning. Harry Truman, the party's oracle of optimism, was unable to attend the meeting (his doctor has ordered him not to do any politicking this fall). But Harry Truman thumped his first tom-tom, with a nostalgic give-'em-hell letter to Democratic Chairman Steve Mitchell.

"I once said the Republican 80th Congress was the second worst in our history," wrote Truman, "but it has now been surpassed—in the wrong direction—by the Republican 83rd . . . It behooves the American people, I think, to give Mr. Eisenhower a Democratic Congress and hope that we can save him from the misdeeds of his own party."

Behind the curtain of serenity there was the sound of scuffling among the Democrats. Steve Mitchell's private choice for the man to succeed him as national chairman after the elections is Indiana's Paul Butler. Since Butler also has the blessing of Adlai Stevenson, he is an odds-on bet to get the job—a political fact that intensely irks Butler's fellow Hoosier, ex-Chairman Frank McKinney. In a vengeful mood McKinney leaked a story that Mitchell's big, \$100-a-plate fund-raising dinner would be a flop, that seats were selling, and not very well, for \$7.50. The story was half true, but insignificant; tickets for every kind of fund-raising dinner are invariably sold at cut rates at the last minute in order to fill the hall. And Mitchell's dinner brought in \$50,000 to fatten the party's depleted bankroll.

Corn from Clem. At the big banquet, in the hot, stuffy Shriners' Murat Temple, Adlai Stevenson, the principal speaker, sweated like a Fourth of July orator. His speech somehow missed the mark with the 1,000 Democratic diners, although Adlai had tried to cut it to their measure. "The Republican Party is so deeply split," he said, "that it cannot pursue consistent policies anywhere . . . Drift, division and demoralization have for 20 months obscured American purposes, discredited American leadership, and heightened the perils and tensions in this tense and perilous world at home and abroad."

Tennessee's cornball Governor Frank Clement, who followed Stevenson on the rostrum, was more to the audience's taste. After identifying himself as a traveler from "south of the Dixon-Yates line," Clement proceeded to shell out the corn. When the Republicans are thrown out of Washington, he predicted, "there will not remain even a pot for their pottage." He lambasted "Dixon, Nixon, Martin and Yates," left his sweltering listeners yahooping and stamping on the stone floor. By the time the meeting broke up there was light-hearted agreement that, come November, there wouldn't be a Republican in sight from Kennebunkport to Bohemian Grove.

REPUBLICANS

Smoothing & Stirring

On a misty, muggy Washington morning last week, House Speaker Joseph Martin Jr. tucked his shaggy forelock under a soft fedora, put on his new gale coat, shook hands with Vice President Richard Nixon and boarded a chartered airliner. A few minutes later, Dick Nixon climbed into another plane, took his seat and promptly fell asleep. His immediate destination was Columbus; Martin's was Newark. The two top Republican congressional campaigners were off on the first legs of journeys which would carry them the length and breadth of the land before the November elections.

Factional Peacemaker. Setting foot on New Jersey soil, Joe Martin stepped squarely into the middle of a fratricidal party brawl over the senatorial candidacy

was the same genuine G.O.P. article who had been campaigning for more than four decades. And his pitch for Case was straight and hard. Said he: "You can't make a better contribution to Eisenhower, to the country, or to the Republican Party than to elect Cliff Case to the Senate this fall." Breathed Case: "Thank God for Joe Martin." On that point, at least, New Jersey Republicans seemed agreed.

Horrible Example. While Martin was trying to smooth things out, Dick Nixon was trying to stir things up. He was confronted by a distressing situation in Ohio's Taftland, where the G.O.P.'s gusty Senate Candidate George Bender probably has a slight edge over Cleveland Democrat Tom Burke, but is running a poor second in public interest to the Cleveland Indians. So far Bender has failed to whistle up even a mild breeze of enthusiasm. In Republican state headquarters, where



G.O.P. CAMPAIGNERS NIXON & MARTIN
Beset by Indians and a four-headed monster.

of liberal-minded Republican Clifford Case. No man was better suited than Martin to play the part of factional peacemaker. To Case backers, Martin appeared as President Eisenhower's loyal congressional leader. To Case's right-wing enemies, Martin was as close to a conservative "Mr. Republican" as anybody since Bob Taft. He carried the same message to the politicians who chewed cigars in the back seat of his campaign limousine and to the ladies who sipped pink punch while he spoke from the rose-wreathed platform of the Hackensack Women's Club. Said Martin: it would ill serve Republicans of any stripe to turn Dwight Eisenhower over to a hostile Democratic Congress.

Even Martin's minor muffs—e.g., referring to Representative Frank C. Osmer Jr. as "my old friend Francis Osborne," and starting to call Cliff Case a "candidate for the presidency of the United . . ."—only served to verify that Joe Martin

some 60 paid employees hustled about two years ago, a bare 20 were on duty last week. Only 30% of the state ticket's \$750,000 budget has been raised—and some of the fattest Republican cats have flatly refused to contribute this year.

Nixon's mission, therefore, was to arouse the party professionals. Using Maine as his horrible example, Nixon pounded home the dangers of disunity and apathy. Trying out a line he was to use in other states along his campaign trail, Nixon advised the Ohio professionals to plug hard on Republican successes in dealing with "that four-headed monster that was Korea, Communism, corruption and controls!"

Then Nixon headed for Kansas (where G.O.P. factions are busily engaged in stabbing each other) and Missouri while Joe Martin was off for Kentucky to lend a helping hand to able, hard-pressed Senator John Sherman Cooper, thence to Indiana and Minnesota.

NEWS IN PICTURES

THE CAMPAIGN: FUN & STRATEGY



IN MASSACHUSETTS, disregarding sensitive Irish vote, Governor Chris

Herter wields baton before touring Irish Guards Band, an Ulster outfit.



IN KENTUCKY, Governor Lawrence Wetherby wrestled alligator, had the

advantage all politicians dream of: his opponent's jaws were tied shut.



IN CONNECTICUT, during non-political big blow (Hurricane Edna), Governor John Lodge greets constituent and future voter evacuated from boat.



IN SOUTH DAKOTA, on a vote-seeking safari at state fair, Senator Karl Earl ("Mr. Chairman")

Mundt plays a confident mahout aboard party's symbol. Elephant grins as broadly as the candidate.



IN NEW YORK, Senator Irving Ives and Governor Thomas E. Dewey soberly toast

(with milk) the beginning of Senator's campaign to shift into Governor's office.

AGRICULTURE

Toward Less Control

Sternly trying not to look over his shoulder at political hobgoblins, Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson last week announced that a ruling known as "total acreage allotment" would be abolished. Farmers and farm-bloc Congressmen have complained more loudly about it than about flexible price supports.

Under "total acreage allotment," a farmer receiving supports for major crops (wheat, cotton, corn, peanuts, tobacco) had to restrict his total planted acreage to a Government quota and could not plant his excess land to anything but hay and pasture. Now he can plant it to anything he pleases, except the major crops, potatoes and a small list of commercial vegetables. Benson expected that most of the decontrolled acreage would be planted to feed grains and forage crops, which farmers badly need, especially in areas hit by drought and heat.

Said Benson: "There is going to be greater emphasis placed upon price and less on controls as a means of adjusting production . . . I have never liked total acreage allotments . . . I said so [when the allotment program was announced] in June."

Benson also announced:

¶ The support price for 1955 wheat will be 82½¢ of parity (the minimum provided by law). This will mean \$2.06 per bushel, as against the \$2.24 that farmers are now getting under 90% support.

¶ Of the 1955 crops, 400 million bushels of wheat and 1,000,000 bales of cotton will be set aside (i.e., bought and stored by the Government) for stockpiling and foreign relief.

¶ Five Southern states (Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Tennessee, South Carolina) are designated drought disaster areas. Farmers in those states will get increased subsidies for purchase of Government-owned feed for livestock.

¶ Price-support operations for fiscal 1954 caused the Government a loss of \$419 million—a record high.

THE ECONOMY

Rain Some Day

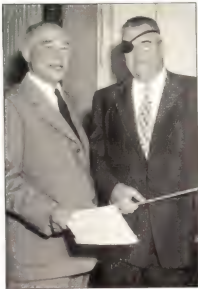
Treasury Secretary George Humphrey's critics like to think that his idea of heaven is an enormous mass of carefully audited ledgers, in each of which income exactly balances outgo. As far as a balanced federal budget is concerned, Humphrey is still far from heaven. Last week, with Budget Director Rowland Hughes, he held one of his rare press conferences, to explain new budget estimates for fiscal 1955, and spent most of his time parrying pointed questions from reporters.

The new 1955 estimate of expenditure is \$64 billion, while income is expected to be \$59.3 billion. This means a deficit of \$4.7 billion, and that is \$1.7 billion higher than President Eisenhower predicted last January. Humphrey explained the deficit increase as resulting from lower excise

taxes (which the Administration had not anticipated last winter) and lower corporate income tax estimates.

Overall military expenditure is now running \$3.4 billion less than in 1952 (the last full year of the Truman regime, midway in the Korean war). But newsmen asked why nonmilitary spending is \$505 million higher than in 1952, Humphrey explained this as "uncontrollable costs"—that is, costs that legislation forces up or prevents from being pared. And most of the increase came from three more or less sacrosanct categories: agriculture price supports, housing and veterans.

Was he, Humphrey was asked, really



TREASURY'S HUMPHREY & BUDGET'S HUGHES
Waiting for heaven.

making progress toward a balanced budget? That was still the goal, the Secretary answered, despite any setbacks. It was like a farmer waiting for rain, he said; some day the rain would come.

LABOR

Walloping on the Docks

John Dwyer, a brawny hiring boss on the brawling New York City docks (and a prototype of Marlon Brando's movie role in *On the Waterfront*), quit his \$10,000-a-year job last year to fight the racket-ridden International Longshoremen's Association. As vice president of the A.F.L.'s new rival dock union, he won thousands of dock-wallopers away from the I.L.A. But last month the I.L.A. won a Labor Relations Board election (by a scant 263 votes out of 18,551), and thereby held on to control of waterfront jobs.

The A.F.L. brasshats, retreating from their attempt to reform the docks, cut their organizing losses (about \$1,000,000), ended their all-out campaign and fired John Dwyer. When Dwyer protested, they ignored his letters and hung up on phone calls. Last week Dwyer bitterly told his

men to "forget about the A.F.L. and go back to the I.L.A." Brusquely, the I.L.A. snubbed Dwyer and said A.F.L. rank-and-filers could come back only if they paid up back dues. For a happy ending dockers could go to the movies.

Living It Up

About 12 million U.S. workers have a stake in union welfare funds, totaling some \$17 billion and theoretically set up to provide pensions, medical care and other benefits for members. Last week New York's State Insurance Department, making a fast public audit of a dozen-odd union funds at hearings in Manhattan, proved that some union officials are firm in the philosophy that benefits should begin with the guardians of the funds. Samples:

¶ Two leaders of a C.I.O. restaurant workers' local tapped its welfare funds for \$32,760 a year, plus two Cadillacs, a Packard, and gasoline for summer trips to the Catskills, winter trips to Florida.

¶ Samuel Rosenzweig, president of the C.I.O. United Culinary, Bar and Grill Employees, Local 923, collected \$477,401 from 350 luncheonette operators, gave the 1,200 workers only 26¢ for welfare, kept 35% for expenses—mostly his own pay. "Good administrators," testified Rosenzweig blandly, "deserve good pay."

¶ Leaders of three different unions placed welfare-fund insurance through relatives, who kicked back part of their substantial commissions.

¶ Two officers of a C.I.O. retail clerks' union spent \$52,000 from welfare funds to buy themselves lifetime annuities.

¶ The A.F.L. Seafarers' welfare fund put out \$4,583 to pay fees at four clubs—including Westchester County's Winged Foot Golf Club—for the fund administrator.

¶ The trustee of an A.F.L. retail liquor clerks' local drew \$100 from the welfare fund every week or so for lunches, cigars and liquor.

¶ One-third of the medical benefits paid by a C.I.O. shoe service workers' fund went to fund officials who regularly visited California and Florida for their health.

¶ An A.F.L. Teamsters' leader made himself a local trustee for life at \$30,000 a year, paid \$85,000 to a cousin for land assessed at \$10,500, spent so much that (despite an annual take of \$250,000 from employers) the welfare fund has no funds left for welfare.

After checking 135 union welfare funds, the Insurance Department found fault with 62, nearly half, and suggested state supervision for all. C.I.O. President Walter Reuther acted fast. "The C.I.O. cannot and will not tolerate crooks," said he. "The union official who preys upon . . . funds . . . has no place in the labor movement, and should be sent to jail." Six C.I.O. local leaders—including "Good Administrator" Rosenzweig—were suspended and physically barred from their offices. The A.F.L., for its part, called for annual audits of all A.F.L. union finances, including the welfare funds.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Seraph of Foggy Bottom

Seraphim, according to Holy Writ, are members of a high angelic order who function as messengers of the Kingdom of Heaven. In Isaiah's vision they had three sets of wings, the better to aid them in their flights through space and eternity; and they traveled with the speed of light. On earth last week, a sort of human seraph was buzzing around the planet at a fabulous rate for a messenger tied to mere aircraft. In less than a fortnight he had: munched mangoes in Manila with President Magsaysay; lunched in London with Winston Churchill; held high-level sessions with Chiang Kai-shek in Taipei and Konrad Adenauer in Bonn; dropped out of the clouds for a brief visit with Dwight Eisenhower in Denver; read a detective story in mid-Pacific and slept seraphically across the Atlantic.

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles is the most traveled Cabinet officer in history: he has logged a total of 152,128 miles on 14 diplomatic missions outside the continental U.S. since taking office. Moreover, he is the first Secretary of State to use travel as part of his method of operation. Dulles, by frequently putting the secretarial ear to the ground at various points on the globe, combines the benefits of localized U.S. embassy reports with his own understanding of the global situation. And at age 66 he has made a discovery that Grandfather John Watson Foster (President Benjamin Harrison's Secretary of State) would find hard to believe: a modern-day Secretary of State has more time for undisturbed thought and concentration aloft in an airplane than he has in his paneled, guarded office in Foggy Bottom.

Disappointed Hostesses. When Dulles got back to Washington last week from his travels in the Pacific (*TIME*, Sept. 20), he had no notion of taking off again for a while. But on his desk he found a three-page cable from Britain's Anthony Eden reporting his progress in seeking a substitute for EDC and suggesting a nine-power conference this week in London (see *FOREIGN NEWS*). Dulles' advance man in Europe, Deputy Under Secretary Robert Murphy, sent word recommending a quick firsthand look at the European situation. Dulles decided to go at once. With characteristic speed, he was off again just 24 hours and 21 minutes after landing in Washington.

Behind him Dulles left his wife and secretary (both too exhausted after Manila to face another trip) and two disappointed hostesses (the wives of the Dutch and Norwegian ambassadors) who had been expecting him to dinner. With him he took a new relay of advisers—all European specialists—a change of linen (with nylon accessories, to heat the laundry problem) and two constant companions: a pair of swimming trunks and his dinner jacket. As the big Air Force DC-6 carried the traveling Secretary into the North Atlantic night, U.S. TV audiences

saw his image and heard his voice in a report on the Manila Pact, which he had kinesiographed earlier in the day. As soon as the "Fasten Seat Belts—No Smoking" light winked out, Dulles changed into slacks, a comfortable sport shirt and a well-worn pair of slippers. Then he summoned his staff to the midship lounge began preparation for the next day's conversations with Adenauer.

When the cocktail hour approached, Dulles joined his staff with a rye-on-the-rocks. At dinner conversation was light, with no shoptalk allowed. Afterwards, Foster Dulles got back to work, scanning radiograms, planning details of his Bonn



SECRETARY DULLES EX ROUTE
Ready for midnight

and London discussions. By 9 p.m. he was snugly bedded down in his blacked-out cabin at the rear of the plane. Beside him, as always, were his yellow tablet and pencil, ready for midnight thoughts. Usually, Dulles reads himself to sleep with whodunits, but on the way to Europe he had no need for a soporific.

Disappointed Bobby-Soxers. Eight hours later, the Secretary was up and around, jotting down the statement he planned to make at Bonn's Wahn Airport. He shaved with a safety razor, an old-fashioned brush and lather. While he breakfasted on orange juice, boiled eggs and coffee, his secretary typed out the statement. When the pilot reported the ground temperature, Dulles chose a suitable ensemble (blue double-breasted suit Homburg), being careful, as he dressed, to tuck his statement in his breast pocket. Landing in Bonn, Dulles looked tanned and completely relaxed, ready for work.

After a busy day in Bonn, the Secretary hurried on to London, bypassing Paris in what seemed a calculated rebuke to the French. At the London airport, on his way home, he was amazed to see a moaning chorus of bobby-soxers led by

cheer leaders. But as Dulles climbed out of an embassy limousine, an aide explained that the youngsters had not turned out to see him off at all. They were waiting for Crooner Frankie Laine expected on the next Paris plane. "I thought they were there to greet me," chuckled Dulles. "What a disappointment. See what fame means?"

At week's end, he headed north to Canada for a few hours on his island hideaway in Lake Ontario. As he departed, he got formal confirmation of his next travel plans: after addressing the U.N. General Assembly in New York this week, he will probably have to make another trip to London for the forthcoming nine-power conference.

COMMUNISTS

New Weapons

In the past, hundreds of witnesses suspected of Communism have refused to answer questions in court proceedings and congressional hearings, pleading the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution of the U.S. The Fifth Amendment provides that no person may be required to give testimony against himself, and stems from the English common-law prohibition against torturing or threatening witnesses to compel testimony. In this sense, few Americans want the Fifth Amendment abolished.

But how could witnesses be compelled to testify, if the purpose was not to incriminate them but to get information about other Communists and the Communist movement as a whole? The solution: grant the witness immunity from prosecution for anything he might say (if the court decides it is in the public interest), then require him to answer. If he refuses, he can be punished for contempt; if he answers but answers with lies, he will be liable for perjury. This solution was enacted into law by the 83rd Congress. There is still some feeling that the witness-immunity law violates the spirit of the Fifth Amendment; the Supreme Court will undoubtedly have to rule on its constitutionality.

Meanwhile, the Justice Department is using it as a sharp new weapon in the Administration's war on Communism. Last week word leaked out that the Department had called twelve witnesses before grand juries in the District of Columbia and in New Jersey—including Mary Price, onetime secretary of Communist Walter Lippmann; Edward J. Fitzgerald, onetime War Production Board economist, and Harold Glasser, onetime Treasury Department associate of the late Harry Dexter White. The main purpose is to get more information about Soviet spy networks, past and present. Some of these witnesses may refuse to answer, trusting that the witness-immunity law will not stand up constitutionally. On the other hand, they have more positive incentive than before to tell the truth, for they can do so now without legal harm to themselves.

THE PEOPLE

Freedom—New Style

[See Cover]

A model sportswoman, the late Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark, used to counsel new horse owners: "Win as if you were used to it and lose as if you liked it." The U.S. today shows little elation over its abundance, or even over the dawning realization that a disastrous depression is never again likely to halt the march of productivity. At the moment in history when this unique economic achievement was recognized, the U.S. lost its long security against heavy enemy attack; it became the first in the line of paramount nations to live in the knowledge that between any nightfall and morning a fifth of its people and a third of its production centers could be destroyed. Over this prospect the U.S. does not grieve or tremble. In a field of tension between unprecedented poles of security and insecurity, this superlatively blessed and threatened people stands with apparent aplomb. Mrs. Clark would be proud of her countrymen.

Or would she? What seems to be modesty and courage in the present U.S. mood (or lack of mood) might also be a numbness in the body social. Being a sportswoman, Mrs. Clark did not mean to play down the zest and pride of achievement, or to mute the challenge of possible failure. Restraint of expression is different from lack of response and inability to express.

The Pace that Outdates. A society, like an individual, can get out of touch with itself. It "makes sense" or not, depending on the relation between what it is and what it thinks it is and wants to be. In a generation of change so rapid that the pace cannot be appreciated, the American self-picture has gone out of focus.

The intellectuals, to whom a society looks for its picture, understandably failed to keep up. In the 1930s they were looking backward at the ruin that war, depression and fascism had made of the 19th century's high confidence in rationality, progress and perfectibility. Some clung stubbornly to fragments of the exploded dream. More, resolving never again to be taken in by progress, settled for a program of anti-regression; economic stability and anti-fascism were timid goals. Since World War II, the intellectual climate has been changing. Social scientists, drawn back to the exciting and challenging present, have begun to update the future.

Heuristic Is the Word. One of the updaters is the University of Chicago's David Riesman, a man with a wide-swinging imagination, a scientist's disciplined mind, and a burning curiosity about people as they are. Social Scientist Riesman believes U.S. society today to be very different from the picture of it that Americans carry in their heads. To make his point, Riesman presents to his students three primitive societies from Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture*: 1) the Pueblo Indians are peaceable and cooperative, with little violent emotion; 2) the

Dobu Islanders in the Pacific are suspicious, jealous of women and property; they spend their lives trying to get something for nothing by magic, theft or fraud; 3) the Kwakiutl Indians of the Pacific Northwest are highly competitive, but their rivalry consists in conspicuous consumption; burning up their blankets and even their houses to show off. Riesman asks the class which type the U.S. most resembles. Some say the Dobuan and some the Kwakiutl; almost none say Pueblo—which Riesman thinks is the right answer. To a student who clung to the familiar stereotype, Riesman once said: "If you weren't so puzzled, you wouldn't think of the society around you as being so Dobuan or Kwakiutl."

Riesman believes in individualism as a goal; but he does not believe that the U.S. today is an individualist society in the 19th century sense.

To explain how the individual may attain his freedom in contemporary U.S. society, Riesman has had to examine that society anew. The result is a "construction," a way of looking at the U.S. which is more presently fruitful than older conceptions such as the class struggle or the frontier v. the seaboard. At the very

least, Riesman answers the anguished city editor who cried: "What we need around this place is a new set of clichés." No mantled prophet with the last word or the definitive system, Riesman describes his notion of character as "heuristic"—and that is the word for Riesman. It means, says Webster, "serving to discover or to stimulate investigation;—of methods of demonstration which tend to lead a person to investigate further by himself."

On Entering the Zoo. Riesman seems to be leading thousands of Americans on his quest. His central book, *The Lonely Crowd: A Study of the Changing American Character*, was published four years ago and has already a kind of classic status. Not that it is "accepted"; it draws academic argument and even sneers. But it has become a part of the social-science landscape. A paperback abridged edition issued a year ago has sold 40,000 copies, an enormous sale for a work of this sort, which contains no soothing soul-poultice, no sensationalism, and makes no effort to write down to a lay public. *Individualism Reconsidered*, a brilliant collection of essays published this year, elaborates some of Riesman's central themes.

The Lonely Crowd contains a typological menagerie. The occupants of the cages are not real people, who are almost always a blend of a blend of types. But real people and real politics can be understood better by walking through Riesman's zoo, reading the signs on the cages, and looking at the occupants.

TRADITION-DIRECTION is the way social character is formed in societies without prospect of much technological or population change. In such circumstances, each generation feels (usually correctly) that the next generation will live much as it lives. The life of the father is exposed to the son in daily living. This is supplemented by training in the etiquette of specific situations in which the son is sure to find himself. All of Asia has been trained in this way—and all of Europe was, down to the Renaissance-Reformation period. Then, in Western Europe, complex and interdependent factors—population growth, technological progress, the replacement of the feudal system with more fluid social forms, the new lands across the sea—made tradition-direction obsolete. How were the young to be trained for the more varied and expanding new life with its demand for initiative?

INNER-DIRECTION was the answer. The elders implanted early a sense of direction toward lifelong goals. Tradition still helps to guide the inner-directed man by helping him select the goals and the general principles of action by which he is to reach them, rather than by leading him with strict supervision through every step of the way. Where tradition-direction puts



MRS. F. AMBROSE CLARK (1915)
Courage? Or numbness in the body social?

• *The Lonely Crowd* (373 pp.)—with Reuel Denney and Nathan Glazer—Yale (\$4). Others: *Faces in the Crowd* (741 pp.)—Yale (\$5); *Thorstein Veblen* (209 pp.)—Scribner (\$2.75); *The Lonely Crowd* (349 pp.)—Doubleday (65¢); *Individualism Reconsidered* (507 pp.)—Free Press (80¢).



THE MORALIZER



THE NEW-STYLE INDIFFERENT



THE INDIGNANT



Charles Phelps Cushing: Yikes
THE INSIDE-DIPESTER

From Gladstone to Pegler, from Uncle Tom to those who know but don't care.

him on a well-worn path, inner-direction gives him a gyroscope by which, in all situations, he is expected to find the way toward his goal. Inner-direction appears in Catholic as well as Protestant countries, but the internal gyroscopes best known in the U.S. were designed by the firm of John Calvin & Adam Smith. (Andrew Carnegie was a wonder.)

The tasks of the time that brought forth the inner-directed man were those of production, a hard struggle with hard things: iron, coal, prairies, machinery. Invention, toil, risk-taking and a driving sense of the goal to be won were necessary to meet the mounting consumer demands of rapidly increasing populations passing from static to more fluid forms of society.

There came a point—roughly fixed by Riesman as about 1920 for the U.S.—when production caught up, and not merely in the sense of a temporary surplus in the business cycle. The gates of immigration banged shut, and population growth slowed down. The productive plant would go on expanding without brilliant strokes of individual invention; technological progress could be achieved by routine, built into the research departments of industry. Hours could be cut. Efficiency could be raised by better organization and by lubricating personal contacts within the plant. Emphasis passed from production to consumption, from the hard struggle with the material world to an easier existence centered around relations with other people. In mining, farming, even manufacturing, employment declined, while it rose in the service trades, i.e., in helping consumers consume.

OTHER-DIRECTION came on the scene to form a more appropriate social character. The inner-directed man's gyroscope of fixed goal and principle is replaced by a radarscope. This is not "set" toward a goal; it does not tell the other-directed man where to go or how to get there, except as changing signals from "the others"—themselves often "other-directed"—without fixed goals—tell him what he should, for the moment, be or do.

As Riesman puts it: "What is common to all other-directed is that their contemporaries are the source of direction for the individual—either those known to him or those with whom he is indirectly ac-

quainted, through friends and through the mass media. This source is, of course, 'internalized' in the sense that dependence on it for guidance in life is implanted early. The goals toward which the other-directed person strives shift with that guidance: it is only the process of striving itself and the process of paying close attention to signals from others that remain unaltered through life."

Who Is What. Riesman says that in the U.S. only a few tradition-directed islands survive: some Southern Negroes, some unassimilated immigrant groups. Most Americans are still inner-directed. The working class, largely tradition-directed in the late 19th century, has passed into the inner-directed phase, and the middle class, whose 19th century mode was inner-direction, is now split. The old middle class—farmers, small businessmen, bankers, technically minded engineers—is still largely inner-directed. The new middle class—bureaucrats, salaried business employees—is largely other-directed.

Other-directed are spreading in numbers and influence. "They are more prominent in New York than in Boston, in Los Angeles than in Spokane, in Cincinnati than in Chillicothe." And there are, of course, more other-directed among the young than the old.

"Mirror, Mirror . . ." Many middle-class parents, aware that they can show a child neither a clear tradition-worn path nor a clear work-shaped goal, ask him merely to "do his best" in any of the unpredictable situations that will face him. What is his best? That which wins the approval of his contemporaries.

Other-directed children go to school earlier to acquire the arts of sociability. They are graded and even seated not by what they know or can do or by temperament—but in accordance with their ability to cooperate. At what? At cooperating. "The children are supposed to learn democracy by underplaying the skills of intellect and overplaying the skills of gregariousness and amiability—skill democracy, in fact, based on ability to do something, tends to survive only in athletics." The six-year-old group helps form its own other-directed character with the harsh judgment "He thinks he's big!" Everyone is cut down to size.

When a tradition-directed person fails, he feels *shame* in departing from the path under the eyes of his fellows: when the inner-directed fails, he feels *guilt* in departing from his own principles; the other-directed, living in hope of the approval of his peers, is seldom free of a diffuse *anxiety* lest this approval be withheld. Riesman notes that from the walls of the inner-directed school, the ruins of Pompeii and the bust of Caesar often looked down—reminders of the past from which one learned the moral principles of history; part of the gyroscopic mechanism. These pressed stern standards upon a child—and many children were crushed. But the school for the other-directed has its own mural pressures. "The walls of the modern grade school are decorated with the paintings of the children or their montages from the class in social studies. Thus the competitive and contemporary problems of the children look down on them from walls that, like the teacher herself, are no longer impersonal. This looks progressive, looks like a salute to creativeness and individuality; but again we meet paradox. While the school de-emphasizes grades and report cards, the displays seem almost to ask the children: 'Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is fairest of us all?'"

A Piglet Paradigm. Competition in the world of the young is not all-out; in this, it imitates the adult world of business and politics in which they will move. Modern business competition turns around "marginal differentiation," i.e., competing products imitate each other, yet call attention to small differences. Increasingly, businesses group themselves in trade associations and businessmen look to their competitors, rather than to their own accounting department, for the signals that mean success. Their attitude toward their own work is not that of producers, but of consumers. Morale is bucked up when a business decision meets the approval (and imitation) of the "antagonistic cooperators" of the adult peer group.

Huratio Alger stories are now considered corny because they are irrelevant. Their function of training the young for the drive toward goals on the frontier of work has been replaced by the mass-media effort to "train the young for the

frontiers of consumption—to tell the difference between Pepsi-Cola and Coca-Cola . . . We may mark the change by citing an old nursery rhyme:

*This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig went wee-wee-wee
All the way home.*

"The rhyme may be taken as a paradigm of individuation and unsocialized behavior among children of an earlier era. Today, however, all little pigs go to market; none stay home; all have roast beef, if any do; and all say 'we-we.'"

Riesman finds the mother who discourages serious interest in music because that might interfere with popularity and normalcy. He notes that youngsters rate many popular entertainers as "sincere," which evades the issue of whether their performance was good or bad; the child is afraid to make a judgment that will turn out wrong (*i.e.*, unpopular). This prepares the children for an adult life in which they will imitate each other as "antagonistic cooperators," selling themselves sincerely on the basis of marginal differences in personality—sometimes in jobs where personality is functionally irrelevant. They will be tolerant because they do not much care, not because they understand the value of difference and in-

dividuality. They will be amiable, and often incapable of strong emotion or deep love. They will be compulsively gregarious—and lonely. Their play will be deadened by anxious groupiness. Even their daydreams (and this is most important to Riesman) will be flattened by anxiety about what "the others" think. He cites this excerpt from an interview with a twelve-year-old girl.

A. I like Superman better than the others because they can't do everything Superman can do. Batman can't fly, and that is very important.

Q. Would you like to be able to fly?

A. I would like to be able to fly if everybody else did, but otherwise it would be kind of conspicuous.

The Style of Politics. The niggling anxiety about "the others" that grounds personal daydreams also grounds social and political daydreams—the pictures people make of what they would like their society and their world to be. Riesman examines the U.S. political scene in terms of the "style" of politics rather than the content. He is less interested in the opinions people have on specific issues than in how opinions are formed and expressed, how people relate themselves to politics. His analysis of style throws considerable heuristic light on the political scene. The basic political style of the inner-directed is, as might be expected, that of a producer. Other-directeds do not think of them-

selves as producing politics; they consume it. Here are some Riesman types that illustrate political style.

THE MORALIZER (*e.g.*, Gladstone) is the appropriate style of the inner-directed man when his type is politically dominant. He sees politics as a task, a way to further his interests, material or ideal. He has no difficulty relating his political goals with what he sees as right, with his "picture" of what should be. He thinks he can do something about them; usually, in his day, he could.

THE INDIGNANT (*e.g.*, Westbrook Pegler) is the moralizer-in-retreat. He senses that this new world, no longer production-minded, is not his. He cannot connect with it through work, or clearly through interest. Often he hates politics. He rants and storms. Politically, his emotional effect is higher than his competence. He cares—or thinks he cares—but he is too out of touch to play a constructive role. His "picture" is out of date.

THE OLD-STYLE INDIFFERENT (*e.g.*, Uncle Tom) in the U.S. is found mainly in the islands of tradition-direction. He has not rejected politics; he simply does not think it was ever available to him. He lacks the knowledge and the basic organizational skill to enter politics.

THE NEW-STYLE INDIFFERENT is an other-directed type. In a Vermont town, interviewers found that the older generation had inner-directed attitudes toward politics; they knew quite a lot; they thought they could influence political causes (and some felt guilty because they did not). The younger generation contained many new-style indifferents, "who know enough about politics to reject it, enough about political information to refuse it, enough about their political responsibilities as citizens to evade them." Riesman believes that more than half the adults in the U.S. are Indifferents—Old Style or New Style.

THE INSIDE-DOPESTER is an other-directed type who in political style is just the opposite of the inner-directed indignant. The inside-dopester knows, but he doesn't care. (High competence, low affect.) Riesman takes his text for the inside-dopesters from St. Paul, *Acts 17:21*: "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new things."

One subdivision of this species wants to be on the inside. With his competence, his sensitive other-directed radar scope, he can rise quite high in government. But his style, even at high levels, will be as a consumer of inside information, not a producer of policy.

Another variety of inside-dopester wants to *know* the inside dope because it helps him get status and approval in his peer group. Inside-dopesters frequently change the content of their politics in response to changed fads in their peer groups.

The New Tribunes. When indignant, who are interesting and exciting from the viewpoint of the political consumer, find a good show that will pull the indifferents

AN AUTONOMOUS MAN

AUTHOR David Riesman tries to be an autonomous man, and many of his friends think that he achieves a high degree of success. He was born 45 years ago this week into a well-to-do Philadelphia home. At Harvard he majored in chemistry, then switched to law. Later he became a law clerk to Justice Brandeis, practiced in Boston, taught law at the University of Buffalo. He did not become a full-fledged social scientist until 1946, when he joined the Chicago faculty. He wrote *The Lonely Crowd* during two years at Yale.

His books cut across the social sciences, picking a method of treatment out of anthropology and using it to handle a political exposition. He can mingle ideas from psychoanalysis and economics and enrich the result with literary references from Tolstoy, Samuel Butler, Virginia Woolf, Castiglione, Jules Verne, Franz Kafka, St. Augustine, Nietzsche, Kathleen Winsor, E. M. Forster, Lionel Trilling, Cervantes, Jack London and James Joyce. His books are relatively free of academic jargon, because there is no special lingo that the economists, sociologists and anthropologists have in common; anybody who wants to talk to all of them has to use English.

He has an immense respect for his colleagues in all branches of the social sciences; the "credit lines" in his books reflect the warmth of a man who is really grateful for information. He will send copies of his work to scores of people before publication, noting all reactions but not necessarily following suggestions. He refuses to join the high-level theorists in their contempt for interviewers and other spade-workers. Nor will he join in the contempt of the fact-workers for the lofty insights of the theorists. He believes in both, and works at a level between them, using both.

With his wife and four children, he lives an active family and social life in a large Chicago house (two servants), and summers on his Brattleboro, Vt. dairy farm. He plays vigorous, competent, year-round tennis. He is interested in his clothes and his food, keeps a good wine cellar, drinks orange juice mixed with soda, likes movies (but not "message" movies, because the movies' proper message is the "enrichment of fantasy").

Trying his first law case, Riesman put the judge to sleep. Since, he has tried hard not to bore anybody—or to be bored.

into active politics, an explosive political crisis may arise. But there are dangers short of explosion—and they may be as serious. Riesman finds much of current politics turning around “the Veto groups,” which are much more clear about what they don’t want than about where they want the society to go.

Contemporary veto groups—ethnic, sectarian, regional, occupational—are more shapeless and more numerous than the old American interest groups, which had clear ideas about their goals. The new ones spread their pressures beyond the field of politics into, for instance, movie censoring. Their leadership is heavy with inside-dopesters. Their membership ranks are swelled by new-style indifferents, driven thence by well-meaning moralizers, who are always railing at the indifferents for not taking part in politics. Anxious to conform, the indifferent finds a group—but remains at heart an indifferent. Veto-group leaders can manipulate the indifferents, but usually for negative, not positive, ends. “By their very nature,” says Riesman, “the veto groups exist as defense groups, not as leadership groups.” Each group has “a power to stop things conceivably inimical to its interests, and, within far narrower limits, a power to start things.”

Some Political Specifics. Riesman’s “construction,” from nursery school to veto group, can obviously be used to lay bare the causes of specific defects in American political life (although he does not do so). If politics is heavily influenced by inside-dopesterism and veto-groupism, the observer would expect to find great difficulty in the formation and expression of clear goals, and that is what observers have found in U.S. peacetime policy of the last 20 years, including the list two. The U.S., anxious for approval, listens closely to the signals of the others in the peer group of cooperating nations. It should and must. But it will not, for instance, find goals or policies in the pre-occupation explained by an article in this week’s *New York Times Magazine* headed “Do the British Really Dislike Us?”

The Communists, everyone has noticed, seem better able to define their goals and pursue them with relentless energy. That again is to be expected. The Communist scarcity economy is still work-oriented. Red leaders are inner-directed (completely gyroscooped by Marx, Lenin and Stalin); most of their subjects are old-style indifferents. But the Communists, says Riesman, “have become perhaps the most reactionary and most menacing force in world politics” precisely because their picture of the world, while sharply focused, is out of date, and history will not run backward.

The Communists are not the only ones who try to put it in reverse. Riesman is annoyed at those who pick up his biting criticism of progressive schools as they are today and use it to attack Philosopher John Dewey and the whole movement of progressive education—which in Dewey’s time, Riesman believes, was a

liberating force working against the main lines of a culture where character was inner-directed. Educational reactionaries who want to go back to the little red schoolhouse have set themselves an impossible task. They cannot return to inner-direction because the U.S. cannot return to the days when technology and the population situation made inner-direction appropriate.

The Roads to Freedom. Where does all this leave Riesman’s earnest reader? If the reader recoils from the other-

and much better kind of consumer—connected with it by his competence and emotional involvement.

From such models, from men who respect and try to follow daydreams about their own lives, society may learn again to make social daydreams, those models called utopias. The utopianism of the 19th century, bold and fruitful as much of it was, tended to confuse dream and reality. When some calamitous realities of the 20th century exploded that kind of utopianism, people were frightened away from



Verne Reed

THE RIESMANS AT PLAY® Toward the enrichment of personal and social fantasy.

directed man and cannot go back to inner-direction, where can he turn in search of morality and freedom in personal life or in politics?

Riesman believes that in each of the three historical kinds of character direction, some men will adjust, some will fail to adjust and some will rise above adjustments. Those who fail he calls *anomic* (ruleless, directionless); the years of transition between two kinds of direction (inner and other) will produce many anomics. Those who transcend adjustment he calls *autonomous*. Their social radar is good and they use it when they choose; but they can turn it off and develop the ability to make choices out of their own individuality.

Autonomous men are especially important in a culture of other-directed; they provide models that call the attention of those who are merely adjusted to the variety of which men are capable. Without such reminders of variety or choice, freedom becomes meaningless.

Riesman thinks that the best roads to personal autonomy lead through “play,” meaning the whole area of life that is not getting-a-living work. A man who becomes competent to consume the arts, entertainment or sport with his own tastes and judgment learns there the meaning of competence. If he learns to care about art, entertainment or sport, he learns what it means to care. He can (although he need not) return to politics as another

any social dreaming. But they need it to clarify their values in the real world, to define their ends. Says Riesman: “The fervently repeated American cold-war formula that the end does not justify the means tends to become more than a wholly proper critique of Soviet ruthlessness; it encourages us to forget that we do need ends, precisely to justify, and criticize, our means. The contradiction between ends and means, the inescapable tension, is what Marxism and like ideologies pretend to evaporate.”

The Nerve of Failure. Riesman has counseled his fellow intellectuals to stop worrying about whether their judgments are approved in the market place or the ballot box, to pursue the truth as independent men, affecting society as models of autonomy, not as victors on this public issue or that. He notes that the young TV audience tells the “good guys” from the “bad guys” simply because the “good guys” are winning. This he deplors.

No defeatist, no pessimist, he urges intellectuals to cultivate “the nerve of failure,” to live with the possibility of disapproval and defeat. Neither in life nor in politics is this a formula for victory. But in both it may be a help in reducing numbness and restoring zest—which is the appropriate style of freedom.

* From left: Jennie (14), Mrs. Evelyn Riesman, Lucy (13), Riesman, Michael (10), Paul (16).

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

"STUPIDITY" BRINGING REPUBLICAN DEFEAT

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND, 73, Arizona Republican National Committeeman, irreconcilable old guardsman and prolific, bestselling author (Mr. Deeds Goes to Town), in a letter published in the Arizona Republic:

I BELIEVE we are facing an altogether unnecessary defeat in November—a defeat which elementary political intelligence could have made a sweeping Republican victory. Because of stupidity, ineptness, arrogance on the part of a few men who have been placed in positions of power we are going into this campaign, not with a compact army but with scattered regiments. What seems not to be understood by the dolts who have usurped control of the party is that the National Committee is the catalyst of the party. But the little hard core of men close to the President ignore the organization. The symbol of this [group] has become Sherman Adams. He is anathema to the organization and its resentment centers upon him. His attitude of somewhat contemptuous flouting of the organization and its duly elected representatives has been taken as typical of the attitude of the Administration. The natural result of all this is that the organization is dragging its feet.

U. S. MAY LOSE ATOM SUPREMACY TO RUSSIANS

THOMAS K. FINLETTER, *Air Force Secretary during the Truman Administration*, in his new book, *Power and Policy*.

WE will soon reach a point in the atomic race with Russia when, unless we become considerably more alert than we are, the supremacy in air-atomic power which to date has been ours will shift from us to Russia. We should assume for the purpose of our national policies and planning that the Russians will reach this point during the year 1956. We need new national policies for what I would call Phase II of the Atomic Age—the time when the Russians will have enough fission and hydrogen bombs, and the planes and missiles to make a sneak attack on the United States which will destroy our major cities and most of our industries. In the first phase the United States was safe; the atomic bomb was a powerful asset in the American arsenal. In the second phase the atom bomb in the hands of the Russians will become a vital threat to our safety.

We may expect the Russians during

Phase II to be much more aggressive in their foreign policy, to be considerably more willing to risk a general war. And when the fact of this Russian Phase II atomic power becomes generally known, it may have a damaging effect on the will to resist in some of the nations that are still free.

Military policy ought to be getting ready for Phase II now. It is not. We do not have priority systems. [Top priorities should be:] 1) the NATO Atomic-Air, 2) the Air Defense of the North American Continent and the NATO area generally, 3) the ground, sea and non-atomic Air which the United States should contribute to NATO.

There seems to be almost no doubt that the known weapons of today and of the future may well, unless controlled, destroy the United States. A substantially increased political solidarity of the NATO powers must be the foundation of [our] strength, coupled with a greatly increased U.S. atomic power. Only one thing can give us some sense of security that the Russians will not make atomic war during Phase II: to build an overwhelmingly defended, overwhelmingly powerful U.S. Atomic-Air plainly capable of destroying the Russian state in the counterattack (if the Russians tried to attack us).

DANGERS IN "DESTROYING" U. S. COMMUNIST PARTY

The *pro-Eisenhower* PROVIDENCE JOURNAL-BULLETIN:

WHEN Attorney General Brownell and FBI Director Hoover talk about a stepped-up program that will "utterly destroy the Communist Party, U.S.A.," they presumably know exactly what they mean. But a campaign that would "utterly destroy" all persons who have had any formal connection with the Communist Party in this country, however innocent of wrongful action individually, would be quite another matter.

There is a line—sometimes difficult to identify but always a vital demarcation—between punishing for individual acts of subversion and punishing for adherence to political sentiments. Up to now, the American machinery of justice has operated on the premise that an individual can and should be punished for committing specific wrongs, but not solely for holding an opinion that is heretical to our concept of democracy. Stealing state secrets, conspiring to advocate the forceful overthrow of government or encouraging sabotage are included in the category of specific, punishable

wrongs. Indicating an interest in Marxist philosophy or holding a membership card in the Communist Party have not been so included.

If the new, stepped-up campaign planned by the Attorney General and the chief of the FBI can be anchored firmly to existing law and guided by the sound principles of individual guilt and innocence which have previously applied, the pitfalls of the witch hunt and political persecution can be avoided in this country. [But] it would help to keep the air clear and avoid misconceptions all around if there could be less indulgence of such colorful—but loaded—phrases as "utterly destroy the Communist Party, U.S.A."

SOVIETS HAVE KILLED 45 U.S. AIRMEN SINCE 1950

HANSON W. BALDWIN, *military analyst of the New York Times*:

THE United Nations Security Council has before it the official complaint of the United States Government listing the attacks of Soviet aircraft against American planes, over the Sea of Japan on Sept. 4. One United States naval officer was lost in this attack. In a sense, Mr. Lodge's logical and detailed presentation served as obituary, requiem and justification for this officer and for the forty-four other American airmen on missions who have lost their lives in seven major "incidents" with Russian aircraft since April, 1950.

The purpose of these [U.S.] flights near the Iron Curtain is not provocation but security. For eight years, and particularly since the start of the Korean War in 1950, United States Air Force and naval planes have skirted the borders of the Soviet Union and in a few cases have crossed those frontiers.

All these fact-finding missions fly well clear of the Soviet frontier unless their crews make bad navigational errors. These occur occasionally, but not often. A few other American—as well as Soviet—aircraft probably deliberately penetrate the other nation's air frontiers. The mission of these planes might be termed an espionage one, as distinct from the routine and continuous reconnaissance flights over the high seas or over friendly territory. Agents could be dropped by parachute and photographs or electronic recordings made in the air space above the other nation's territory. It is this silent "war," this ceaseless search for information, that must be inevitably a part of the "cold war." We have no confidence in the Soviet Government, yet we know that the Soviet Government has the capabilities of devastating destruction against the United States unless we are alert.

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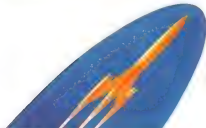
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FOREIGN NEWS

WESTERN EUROPE

Filling the Vacuum

Two flying diplomats went to Europe's rescue last week. Each after his fashion, Britain's Anthony Eden and the U.S.'s John Foster Dulles sought a means of filling the vacuum left by the defeat of EDC.

The initiative came from Eden, who, with one aide and one briefcase, flew to Brussels, Bonn, Rome and Paris. Only in Paris did he run into serious trouble. Eden bore a clever plan, a characteristically British blend of something old and something new. Part I was a dust-covered document: the 1948 Brussels treaty, in which Britain, France and the Benelux countries agreed, in the event of outside attack, to provide "all the military . . . assistance in their power." Originally aimed at the Germans, the Brussels treaty became the first European alliance against Soviet imperialism. Last week the British revived it, proposing that the Brussels pact's references to German militarism be deleted and the treaty extended to include a rearmaged Germany and Italy.

Part II of the Eden plan called for the return of German sovereignty and for speedy German rearmament under NATO control. To sweeten this for the French, Germany would accept restrictions on the size of its army; to make it palatable to the Germans (too powerful to be discriminated against any longer), similar restrictions would be applied to all. As Eden explained it, the West Germans, who have no overseas responsibilities, would commit the whole of their new army to NATO, whereas Britain, France and the U.S. would commit only their European contingents, thus keeping complete control of their own troops outside Europe. NATO would then set common "force levels."

Problems in Paris. The Eden plan had something for everyone. It would leave sovereignties intact but still link the Germans to the West in a European context. The French would be relieved to see Britain moving more closely to the Continent, but Englishmen need not fear, since the principle that Britain should not be more deeply committed to the Continent than the U.S. is would still be inviolate.

Premier Mendes-France, over brandy and cigars, told Eden that he was prepared "en principe" to try the British plan. France would accept eventual German admission to NATO—but only under adequate controls. The question was: Who would be responsible for making the controls stick? Eden's choice was NATO, where the Americans too would be involved. But Mendes-France fears that the U.S. has little desire to check the Germans. So he wanted the job entrusted to the Brussels powers, all of whom bear the toothmarks of German aggression.

Eden returned to London, disturbed by Mendes' proposals (which he regarded as

cumbersome), but convinced that there was plenty of "give" in the French position. Before leaving Paris, he got news that John Foster Dulles, just back from Asia, was winging his way to Europe.

Flying State Department. With very little advance warning, Dulles dropped in at Bonn with a miniature State Department in tow. He promptly went into conclave with Konrad Adenauer, spent most of the time asking questions about Eden's visit. Dulles found that Eden had 1) persuaded the Germans to stop antagonizing the French by loud demands for absolute sovereignty, 2) discouraged Ade-

Meeting of Stars. At week's end Dulles and Eden met in London to compare notes. In a prepared statement at London Airport, Dulles said: "We in the U.S. greatly admire the initiative and vigor which Mr. Eden has shown . . ." Dulles listened carefully to what Eden had to report on the French attitude, but was considerably less optimistic than the British that Mendes-France would come around. With little enthusiasm, the U.S. agreed to a nine-power meeting next week in London (the six EDC originals, plus Britain, the U.S. and Canada). Then Mendes-France would have a chance to



Ralph Crane—Lia

DULLES, ADENAUER & ADVISERS IN BONN^o

More and more on Germany, less and less on France.

nauer's yearning for supranational solutions. Dulles instead encouraged Bonn to be as assertive as it likes about Germany's rights. A joint communiqué first urged "full equality" for West Germany and "sovereignty . . . with all speed," then harked back to "the great goal" of European integration—along EDC lines. Said a puzzled Bonn observer: "If the State Department can't bring itself to realize that EDC is dead, they should at least refrain from feeding German illusions."

The Bonn communiqué omitted any mention of France. This was deliberate, since Dulles wanted to emphasize that the U.S. intends to lean more and more on Germany, less and less on France. Dulles also refused to visit Paris on the grounds that he didn't have time. The French were outraged, as Dulles apparently intended that they should be. At week's end, overriding some of his advisers, Konrad Adenauer followed Dulles' lead by refusing to attend a Council of Europe session in Strasbourg, at which Premier Mendes-France was to outline his ideas on German rearmament.

prove whether British trust or U.S. doubt is the more justified.

From Brussels itself came another prod to Mendes-France. Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak warned that unless the Germans rearm, the U.S. is likely to withdraw its forces from the Continent, and Britain would follow suit, making "the defense of Europe impossible."

RUSSIA

No. 6

Somewhere in Russia, presumably in Siberia, the Soviet Union last week exploded another atomic bomb, its sixth so far as is known (compared with 44 exploded by the U.S.). The official communiqué said that "during the test, valuable results were obtained which will help Soviet scientists and engineers successfully to solve the problems of defense against atomic attack."

* Far left: U.S. High Commissioner Conant; far right: German Secretary of State Walter Hallstein.

WEST GERMANY

Set Back, But Secure

Out of West Germany last week came the first warning of the trouble that can flow from the defeat of EDC. In Schleswig-Holstein, the poorest and most discontented of West Germany's nine states, Konrad Adenauer's Christian Democratic coalition suffered a setback at the polls. Where Adenauer got 47% of the vote last year, his slate last week got only 32%, a drop of 250,000 votes. The opposition Social Democrats, who got 26.5% of the vote last time, actually outdrew the Christian Democrats by 11,000 votes.

Nonetheless, the headlines around the world next day were misleading. The

drowning, then came hints of murder. Suddenly sparked by a criminal libel suit, a vast scandal flared up, involving sex, narcotics, and playboys with high connections. The trial produced lurid accounts of the ringleader, one Ugo Montagna, whose claim to be a Sicilian marquis proved to be bogus but whose talent in another direction was undeniable: despite his luxurious way of life, he paid little income tax, and got away with it. Also involved was young (32) Jazz Pianist Piero Piccioni, son of the Foreign Minister. In a letter made public, one girl claimed that he was the "assassin" for Montagna's ring.

Rome's Police Chief Saverio Polito resigned just before the case first broke onto the front pages. A little later, the heat of the case forced the resignation of Nation-

work on the case. Last week, after secretly questioning some 500 witnesses, Sepe turned over the last of 16,000 pages of evidence to the government prosecutor. Nothing happened. After three days' waiting, Magistrate Sepe took an unusual step to prod higher authorities to action: he pointed his finger at four prominent figures by the simple expedient of canceling their passports. The four: Pianist Piero Piccioni, Ugo Montagna, ex-Police Chief Saverio Polito and, to the surprise of almost everyone, Prince Maurice of Hesse, 28-year-old grandson of Italy's late King Victor Emmanuel. The magistrate's action came at an awkward time, with the Scelba government already off balance by the French defeat of EDC and the delay in settling Trieste.

Submerged in Mud. At this point, Scelba finally accepted the resignation of Foreign Minister Piccioni. "I feel that my place must be beside my son," he said. As new Foreign Minister, Scelba upgraded his Education Minister, Gaetano Martino. No longer did it seem possible to stifle the Montesi case with a conspiracy of silence. "This Montesi case," said Turin's *La Stampa*, a journal both respected and friendly to the Christian Democrats, "is growing into the big and decisive test of Italian democracy. Either we face without fear the test of truth and confound our accusers, or we shall be submerged in the mud which is now being thrown at us."

The Red Black Book

For Italy's Reds, September is *festa* month, a time for rousing party parties, where fun is mixed with the serious business of renovating Communist dogma and replenishing Communist coffers. Piazzas and parks throughout Italy echoed last week with the sounds of lively local Communist *festas*. The biggest blowout of all, attended by the party's biggest Red wigs, was to be held in Florence's gracious old Cascine park. But Florence's stoutly anti-Communist police chief did not fall into the fun-loving spirit. Last week he abruptly withdrew the party's permit to congregate in the park.

Seething over this latest example of the Christian Democrats' new determination to harass the enemy by every legal means, the Communists called a one-day citywide strike in Florence. And at a merry *festa* in Ravenna, Communist Boss Palmiro Togliatti was so mad he let his fangs show. Usually he talks a sweetly reasonable line: last week he gloated over the death of EDC, hailed the armistice in Indo-China and boiled with indignation at the banning of the *festa* in Florence.

"Let me say with all firmness that this is one of those things that will go down in our 'Book of Things Not Forgotten,'" he cried. "We kept a list of such things during Fascism and eventually the day came when we were able to settle accounts. Our great objective is to restore liberty among our people. But if in order to do this, it is necessary to curb the freedom of some, we are prepared to deny freedom to those who seek reaction."



EN-FOREIGN MINISTER PICCIONI & SON PIERO
The conspiracy of silence had to end.

Venezian

voting was only for the state legislature, and even there, with the help of small parties, the Christian Democrats will be able to keep control. The vote was indeed a rebuff to 78-year-old Konrad Adenauer, but it was not a threat to his continuance in office. No matter how local elections go, his term runs until 1957, and his two-thirds majority in the national Bundestag is the largest in Western Europe.

ITALY

Test of Fire

For five months Italy's Montesi case smoldered beneath the surface like a bog fire. Last week it burst into flame. The government was scorched, the Foreign Minister was forced to resign, and one whole stratum of Italian society was illuminated in garish light.

The Montesi case would not die, as pretty Wilma Montesi herself had died, obscurely on an Ostia beach 13 miles southwest of Rome (TIME, Feb. 15). At first her death was dismissed as accidental

al Police Chief Tommaso Pavone. But still there were no arrests, and even less effort in the government to get to the bottom of the affair. People began to compare the Montesi case to France's famed *Affaire Dreyfus*.

Suppressing the Facts. Superficially there was little resemblance to that ugly outbreak of anti-Semitism and politics in the French army in the 1890s. What the two cases did have in common was their threat to the whole fabric of government. Men of integrity in the Italian government tried to suppress the Montesi case, not because they were themselves enveloped in its murky mists but because a whole governing society regarded itself, and its competence to govern, involved in the revelations of privileges, corruption and injustice. The government dared not abandon investigation of the case, but was unwilling to pursue it, because of the vast aid and comfort it was giving to the Communists.

Premier Mario Scelba's regime did keep Investigating Magistrate Raffaele Sepe at

THE U.S. & MENDES-FRANCE AS A FRENCH EDITOR SEES IT

Most articulate of Premier Mendès-France's young brain-trusters is J. J. Servan-Schreiber, 30, editor of the weekly political review L'Express. A U.S.-trained fighter pilot who served with a Free French squadron in the Ninth U.S. Air Force, Servan-Schreiber was friend and counselor of France's Premier long before he came to power. This article was written by him for TIME.

LAST week two significant events occurred within 24 hours. Tuesday evening Premier Pierre Mendès-France gathered in Paris, for the first time in seven years, all the chiefs of the French provincial and overseas administration. He outlined the economic revolution which he is about to launch. Wednesday evening, U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles administered to the French Premier, for the first time since the end of the war, a diplomatic slap in the face.

These two events are not isolated occurrences. To put it bluntly, the present situation looks to us as follows: at the very moment when France at long last has at its head a young, dynamic and popular government, which has given rise to new hopes, American diplomacy is led into a kind of coalition, the aim of which is to provoke the downfall of Mendès-France.

Flummoxing the U.S. Why does the U.S. lend itself to this kind of game? For the simple reason, it seems, that many American diplomats find it easier to work with the old French political leaders than with the new regime. What they want, apparently, is to find again at the head of the French government one of their old associates who will tell them nothing but pleasant things and who will sign anything he is asked to.

It is only with a feeling of shame that a Frenchman can recall the manner in which his country behaved toward its American allies until a few months ago. But this truth must be faced, no matter how painful: outmoded American diplomatic methods met with French political cowardice and both got along splendidly. On the one side, in France, we had a series of conservative governments, unwilling to face serious reform in the country's economy. At the end of each month, they were compelled to borrow money to patch up the gaps. It was all very simple. The leaders of the old French regime promised the U.S. almost everything: a military victory in Indo-China, an enthusiastic vote for the EDC, ringing measures against the Communist Party, etc. All this in exchange for millions of dollars which bolstered the French deficits and enabled the State Department to display handsomely worded diplomatic communiqués in its showcase.

But the day was bound to come when Americans would realize they had been flummoxed, that they had been paying for a regime which had nothing but illusions to sell. Fortunately, it was the French people who reacted first. Last June, after the crushing defeat of Dienbienphu, the French themselves, disgusted by all the years of cowardice and mediocrity, broke with the old methods and brought into power a new man before our friends and allies abandoned us.

The first part of the Mendès plan consisted of deflating illusions and facing facts. This is the story of Indo-China, and the story of EDC. The past has now been liquidated. The new regime must construct the future. The second stage opens with Mendès' economic plan. Two of its aims have top priority:

Priority No. 1. Wrest away from the Communist Party the grip it holds today on 5,000,000 Frenchmen by giving back to the French people the long-forgotten feeling of social and material progress; in other words, by restoring hope.

France's national income is still mired today where it stood in 1929. In a generation, our country has made no progress. We are the only nation in the Western world to present such a sorry balance sheet. Out of this situation French Communist propaganda easily derived its main strength. In the eyes of

many Frenchmen, the Communists were the only ones who talked about progress. The fact that the new government has registered a real impact on the nation has already thrown confusion into the Communist ranks. The bosses of the Communist machine in Paris are deeply disturbed. They sent emissaries to several provinces with explicit orders to fight the confusion in their ranks by explaining that "Mendès-France is the last and slickest of all capitalist stooges."

Priority No. 2. Put back Franco-American relations on a healthy basis. This can only be achieved if France ceases to stand like a beggar in the U.S. bread line.

When the old regimes decided to rely on American charity, they committed an unpardonable crime against Franco-American friendship, which can only be based upon mutual respect. The Atlantic alliance should not rely on satellites.

For two years before he came to power, Mendès-France gathered around himself a group of technicians and businessmen to examine ways and means by which France might be able to get along without relying on American subsidies. Not one of the old governments ever asked its own experts to undertake the same kind of study.

Breaking the Crust. The essential aim of the Mendès-France revolution is to break the crust which weighs upon the French economy and hinders its free development. This crust is made up of layers of protections, subsidies and financial subterfuges. Today, the French economic machine is geared to the production rhythm of its weakest components. The state has nearly become an agency to stifle competition.

Everybody expected Mendès-France to come out with a system of state planning. He did the opposite. He decided to plunge French economy into international competition as quickly as possible by reducing customs tariffs and opening the frontiers. Thus he will gradually lift a great part of the protective decrees. Mendès-France will issue no ukases; it is the old order of free competition which must clean house.

But when a business has to face the necessity of reconversion, it may apply to the state. The government will provide both plans and credit, and it will assume responsibility for unemployed workers who will need readaptation to new jobs.

These are the main principles of the French "New Deal." If it succeeds, France should find herself healthy and independent, instead of lagging one generation behind.

The Old Regime. Formidable resistance rises against Mendès-France. He has the support of the majority of the workers and of big business. Against him stands the greater majority of small and medium-sized industrial, commercial and agricultural enterprises, all those who were able to survive only in the incubator of protection. They don't realize that without radical treatment, most of them are condemned to death.

These small and medium-sized enterprises have strong influence in the National Assembly. They have formed the political basis of all the French governments of the last years, particularly those of Pinay and Laniel. Today these men of the old regime are trying very hard to bring the new government down. They tried to do so in the confused EDC debate. Their big offensive failed. They have now opted for a classic gambit in the history of nations: they appealed to foreign powers. These "friends of America" messaged Washington and even Lyon that the new government had dangerous schemes in mind; they hinted that it was seeking a "neutralist" foreign policy.

Mendès-France refuses to make promises to the allies that are incapable of being kept. He is a less easy man to handle than his predecessors. Foreign diplomats who were loth to see their postwar arrangements crumble were only too eager to listen to Mendès-France's internal enemies. Washington's attitude suggests that American diplomacy may have joined the ranks of those who seek Mendès-France's downfall.

FRANCE

Treasure Hunt

As Finance Minister to France's King Henri IV (1589-1610), the shrewd but fair-minded Duc de Sully is said to have piled up for his royal master a fortune of some 40 million gold livres. The duke also did well enough by himself to purchase a fine old château on the banks of the Loire 80 miles south of Paris. During its long history and frequent alterations, Château Sully-sur-Loire, as it came to be known, lent its sheltering roof to the entertainment of nine Kings of France, as well as to Voltaire, the Marquis de Lafayette, Cardinal Mazarin and Joan of Arc. In recent times 20,000 tourists a year have trooped through it.

But to the Marquise de Bausset-Roquefort, a descendant of Sully who inherited the château in 1902, the greatest charm of Sully-sur-Loire lay in an ancient rumor that a fortune of francs in jewels and gold lay buried somewhere in its walls. In 1951 the marquise began looking for the treasure in earnest. She hired workmen in droves to dig up the ancient foundations. When water from the castle moat seeped into the cellars, she brought in helmeted divers to continue the hunt. Girders gave way, walls collapsed, suction pumps worked overtime, but still the marquise searched.

Time passed; lawns, courtyards and bastions disappeared to make way for mounds of earth and gaping excavations. Buttresses were built to shore up the sagging walls, but no treasure appeared. At last, after three years of digging, the worried contractors presented a bill for 9,362,000 francs and refused to dig another shovelful unless the marquise paid it in one month. But the marquise was broke.

"The marquise has sold all the historic tapestries, paintings and furniture," complained the contractor's attorney. Last week the château was put up for auction. The townspeople, outbidding everyone else, bid 20 million francs (\$57,000) for the sagging but prized tourist attraction. "We shall do everything possible," promised the mayor, "to repair and preserve its marvelous heritage."

GREAT BRITAIN

A Life of Concealment

Shortly before Easter in 1895, two English boys, aged 8 and 9, were wrenched from the security of a happy family life in Victorian London and sent abroad like fugitive criminals to forget their past, their parenthood and even their names. The crime from which they fled was that of being born the sons of Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, the most famous and quiet suddenly the most notorious literary figure of his day.

The shame which the innocent boys were taught to feel by presumably well-meaning friends and relatives never quite wore off. The elder son Cyril got himself killed in World War I in a deliberate effort to prove his manhood and expiate his

father's crime. For close to half a century, the shy and sensitive younger son Vyvyan kept the secret of his past hidden in a life of semi-retirement and seclusion. Last week, in a biography published in England,* 68-year-old Vyvyan, whose last name was changed to Holland, told what it was like to spend a lifetime as the hidden son of Oscar Wilde.

The Milk Run. Whatever the world at large may have thought of Oscar Wilde after his prolonged and sordid trials for sodomy, to young Cyril and Vyvyan Wilde he was a fine father. The greatest figures of pre-Raphaelite London were constant visitors at the house in Tite Street, Chelsea, where Wilde, witty and most elegant of them all, held court with his beautiful wife Constance. But it was not the distinguished company that made the house a delight to the young Wildes;



VYVYAN (WILDE) HOLLAND
A smiling giant cried.

it was "the smiling giant, always exquisitely dressed, who crawled about the nursery floor with us and lived in an aura of cigar smoke and Eau de Cologne." Unlike many another stuffy Victorian parent living on Tite Street, Wilde was always ready to romp with his boys, mend their toys and enter into their games.

He spent hours in the summer sailing and swimming with his boys. In quieter moments he would tell them stories. Once when he had finished a story called *The Selfish Giant*, tears came to his eyes and his elder son asked him why. "He replied," writes Vyvyan, "that beautiful things always make him cry."

The Sword of Damocles. What had this kindly father done to deserve the obloquy of his own sons? Until he was 18 years old, Vyvyan never knew. By his own devices and the careless words of elders, the little boy learned to suspect in time

that his father had been sent to Reading Gaol, but for what crime he could only guess unassisted—and the guesses were dark beyond belief. Cyril, the elder, got a glimmer of the truth from a glance at newspaper headlines, but even he felt it necessary to keep the facts from his brother. All the boys knew, as they were spirited away first to Switzerland and then to Germany, was that their father "had had a great deal of trouble" and was not to be mentioned further.

A family conference picked a new surname, Holland, for them out of their mother's ancestry. While the boys set to work practicing their new signatures, elders sorted their possessions, relabeling their clothes and making sure that the name of Wilde appeared on nothing. Later on, when the boys were at an English-run boarding school in Germany, they found some cricket flannels still marked with their right names and tore out the labels with the desperation of criminals on the brink of discovery. "The thought that at any moment an indiscreet remark or a chance encounter . . . might betray us," writes Vyvyan, "was a sword of Damocles constantly hanging over our heads." In time, to make security even more certain, the boys were separated, Cyril to stay on in Germany, Vyvyan to be sent to a Jesuit school in Monaco.

The Sins of the Father. Three years after the boys' exile began, their mother died and they were left to the mercies of maternal relatives and legal guardians whose only thought for them lay in an occasional reminder of their black parentage. The only word they were ever told of their father was at his death in 1899. When a kindly English schoolmaster broke the news to Vyvyan, the boy was astonished. "But," he said, "I thought he died long ago." Dutifully, the boy went into mourning, and when his schoolmates asked him why, he invented a story about the discovery of his father's body on a South Sea island after he had long been thought dead at sea. For the moment, the orphan boy "became something of a hero," at least in the eyes of his schoolmates.

His mother's family were prepared to grant him no such laurels. If Vyvyan took a drop too much at a party, he was promptly described in family circles as being "dead drunk." When Vyvyan Holland went to Cambridge—Oxford was out of the question since his father had gone there—his guardian was quick to warn those in charge that he was "idle, drunk to excess and frequented bad company." In the years since, Vyvyan Holland has found, befriended and been befriended by many old friends of his father. He has married and has a son of his own. He has lived well enough from his own earnings as a part-time author and translator, and from his father's royalties. His memoirs, written with candor and simplicity, are free of bitterness. But even the balm of time cannot erase from Author Holland's story the cruel fact that "my life has been one of concealment and repression."

* Son of Oscar Wilde; Rupert Hart-Davis; 18s.

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EGYPT

Censoring Sermons

Every Friday at noon from Cairo to Karachi, the thin nasal wail of muezzins crying, "There is no God but Allah," calls the faithful to the *salat al-jami*, the obligatory Friday service. The devout shutter their shops, rush through a thorough washing, and hurry into the mosque. Clad in dignity and finery, the *imam* ascends the pulpit, murmurs "*salaam aleikum*," recites a text from the Koran, and begins a sermon which rarely lasts more than 20 minutes. So it has been for centuries.

Islam lived through its first three centuries without any clergy at all, for each man is responsible for his own obedience to Allah. But increasingly the Friday service became a time when the *imam* discoursed on morals, freely relating the Koran to any contemporary subject, including politics. The opportunity was made to order for Egypt's fanatic and xenophobic Moslem Brotherhood, now driven underground by Egypt's military junta. One recent Friday an *imam* who belongs to the Brotherhood preached that the government had sold out to the British. He paused dramatically, then he called attention to the presence of a policeman in the congregation. The angry crowd beat up the cop and before the milling was over 23 of the faithful were behind bars. The following Friday, in the delta city of Tanta, another *imam* accused Egypt's rulers of being "heretics who do not comply with the teaching of the Koran." When a worshiper objected to such mingling of politics with religion, Moslem Brothers set upon the protester, and the *imam* himself leaped from his pulpit, knife in hand, to join in.

Last week the Egyptian government announced that henceforth the *imams* would all get their sermons—written and ready for delivery—direct from the Religious Affairs Ministry in Cairo. *Imams* who spoke their own minds would be fired by the ministry (which supports almost all of Egypt's mosques). Said Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser: "The revolution will not permit vindictiveness to triumph under the guise of religion." But not even Hitler or Stalin had ever attempted to dictate every word a preacher said.

INDONESIA

The Women Scorned

In its first heady days of independence, Indonesia's rallying cry was *Merdeka* (freedom). Posters quoted the American Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg Address; President Soekarno compared Indonesia's freedom struggle to the American Revolution. Women proclaimed their equality and demanded emancipation: they organized women's clubs to fight the law allowing Moslem men four wives. Soekarno, the slender and handsome father of his country, seemed the embodiment of the new enlightenment and women sighed mistily when he spoke,

which was often. They called him Mr. Merdeka.

In time the posters faded from the walls, Jefferson retreated to the ages. President Soekarno began to bald, and Indonesia (which never had an election or ratified its constitution) began to splinter. Last week, upon Indonesia's bright-eyed women still fighting for monogamy, fell the cruellest blow of all. They learned that their idol, President Soekarno, had secretly taken a second wife.

Actually she was his third. Soekarno divorced wife No. 1 for childlessness, which Indonesian women agreed was good and sufficient cause. Then in 1942 he married a charming 18-year-old named Fatmawati, who bore him two boys and two girls. But last week the emancipated clubwomen of Indonesia learned of wife No. 3.



PRESIDENT SOEKARNO & WIFE No. 2
The clubwomen were appalled.

Associated Press

Perwari, Indonesia's leading women's organization, sent out the word to other women's clubs: President Soekarno had secretly married a 32-year-old divorcee with five children last June; his wife Fatmawati had not even been consulted, as Moslem custom requires; Fatmawati had been made a sacrifice to the practice of "polygamy to satisfy passions." What was more, Soekarno could have no "justifiable reason" for all this since Fatmawati had "satisfied all matrimonial requirements."

On a stifling hot day last week, 50 excited matrons from 35 organizations jammed into a Jakarta living room to argue for four hours about what was to be done. They finally decided to write letters to the Cabinet and Parliament. As for 53-year-old President Soekarno, he merely issued a statement confirming his marriage to his new wife, Heriati Hartini Suwondo. Soekarno kept her prudently out of sight, though those who knew said she was a brown-eyed, black-haired Javanese beauty.

JAPAN

Misunderstood Man

"There is no need for legality, since Ohmi Mills are built on honorable kindness," cried the owner of Ohmi Mills, fat, feudalistic old Kakui Natsukawa. He could not understand what his girls were striking about (*TIME*, July 5). Promises of honorable kindness—no time clocks to punch, free schooling, dormitories, libraries—had lured thousands of young girls off farms to work at \$10 a month, and built his silk mills into Japan's sixth largest textile company. But honorable kindness, also meant that officials penned them up in their dormitories, opened their mail, blocked romance, forced them to attend Buddhist services and recite such catechisms as: "All this day I shall be

happy to pour all my body and soul into an all-out effort."

Troubles Begin. As the strike went on, Japan learned more about Natsukawa's kindly ways. For example, any Ohmi girl who married despite all the difficulties had her wages cut "because of decrease in efficiency." Such stories put public opinion behind the strikers. Natsukawa countered by offering strikebreakers a handsome \$1.25 a day, plus cigarettes and sake. He sent a fleet of light planes to shower Tokyo and Osaka with 10 million leaflets, distributed thousands of match-boxes, floated huge balloons over Osaka with his message: "The All-Japan Textile Workers Union is destroying Japan's industry through Communist Party violence."

On the picket lines, Natsukawa was stoned and mauled when he tried to drive through in his Cadillac. Contributions poured in from sympathizers abroad (\$1,000 from the C.I.O. Textile Workers, \$2,800 from the British textile workers). Britain's touring Laborites visited the



NATIONALIST TROOPS DEFENDING QUEMOY
The immediate had now become the ultimate.

strikers, hailed their "epoch-making fight," indicated firmly that however hopeful they might feel about coexistence with China, there could be none with Japan if the Japanese reverted to a pre-war policy of sweated labor and "cheap goods." The conservative government of Premier Yoshida took alarm.

Then the strikers hit on a labor practice strictly in a Japanese tradition: they committed suicide. "I take to my grave the memory of your cruelty," 19-year-old Zengoro Nakamura wrote Natsukawa, and threw herself under a train. Three other Ohmi girls also killed themselves.

Strike's End. Last week, under pressure from an outraged public and an alarmed government, Natsukawa gave up, wanly signed an agreement ending the 106-day strike. Natsukawa promised to observe union working hours, and to "decide rationally" the problems of mail censorship, dormitory restrictions and compulsory Buddhist ceremonies.

He also agreed to pay the Ohmi union \$133,000 in lost wages, a like amount (at the insistence of fellow manufacturers) to the All-Japan Textile Workers Union to make up for the trouble he had caused. "My friendship was misunderstood," wailed Natsukawa. "I seem to have lacked that modern way of thinking."

CHINA

Parody in Peking

In a beautiful setting provided by history, the rulers of Red China last week played a parody of democracy. The occasion: the First National People's Congress, convened to "ratify" a 106-article constitution for Red China and then "elect" a chairman and vice chairman. From all over vast Communist China's 25 provinces, from far-off Tibet and Inner Mongolia, came 1,441 delegates, striding up steps of gleaming marble, past newly painted red pillars and into Peking's ancient Cherish Benevolence Hall. "A great achievement in the further

democratization of China's political life," the Peking *People's Daily* proclaimed as the farce began. Delegates were carefully schooled on who was to get the most respect, after party chairman Mao Tse-tung, "his close comrades in arms, Liu Shao-chi and Chou En-lai." Delegates listened dutifully to onrushes of grey gobbledygook, in which the only interesting point was the renewed slavish dedication to Moscow. From Mao, "The people of our country should learn from Soviet Russia and be prepared [through] several five-year plans to build our country." From Moscow-trained theoretician Liu (who rivals Chou for the No. 2 spot): "We are still facing a real danger of a reactionary comeback . . . The Soviet road is the road all humanity will take."

The only enlightenment was the appearance of the 19-year-old Dalai Lama, escorted out of Tibet by a Red general three weeks ago as thousands of his subjects wept and prostrated themselves. His presence was quite a coup: the Dalai Lama is a living God to his own people. Several years ago, uncertain of the Dalai Lama's loyalty, the Communists began to groom the exiled Panchen Lama as a rival. He is the spiritual leader of Lamaism, as the Dalai is the temporal head. Last week both the Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama (who is a 16-year-old Chinese) were delegates in Peking. Dutifully, the Dalai Lama proclaimed that "the Tibetan people enjoy full freedom of religion," and acknowledged Mao as "our great and beloved leader."

More important than what was said at Peking, however, was what was not said. Formosa, target of Red verbal fury for weeks, vanished suddenly from official tongues. Neither Mao nor Liu mentioned "liberating" Formosa, and in the first two days of the Congress scarcely anyone else did either. Subsequently, according to Peking radio, one speaker fiercely demanded the "ultimate" liberation of Formosa; a few days before, however, the word had been "immediate." For whatever dark

reasons, China's Red rulers were for the moment not promising quick victory. Perhaps at Quemoy they had found out what they wanted to know about the U.S. intention to protect Formosa.

INDO-CHINA

Revolt Among Survivors

The shaky state of southern Viet Nam looked perilously last week between two proud patriots struggling for power.

The struggle was between Premier Ngo Dinh Diem and the army's Chief of Staff Nguyen Van Hinh, and it had deep roots. Premier Diem, for years a voluntary exile from his land while the French ran it, has lost face when Geneva partitioned Viet Nam over his protests, lost follower when partition left most of his Roman Catholic supporters in Communist hands, lost public confidence because of his reluctance to take men from southern Viet Nam (where he himself is little known) into his Cabinet. On the other side, he and the anti-French nationalists around him distrusted handsome young (and General Hinh, who was educated in France, married a French girl, was a lieutenant colonel in the regular French air force before (in 1952) he got the Viet namese high command.

Plot & Counterplot. General Hinh and his eager young army officers thought the times called for more vigorous measures in southern Viet Nam, on the model of Colonel Nasser's in Egypt, to save the country from Communists. Last week suspecting a "latent plot" to overthrow his government, Premier Diem abruptly relieved Hinh as chief of staff and ordered him to leave Saigon on the Air France plane next day for Paris on "six months leave." Enclosed was a ticket. Definitely Hinh called the airline, told the clerk to cancel the reservation. To Diem he explained: "There is no one here to whom I could transfer my command."

The two officers whom Premier Diem approached refused; they were loyal to

Hinh. Next day Diem sent over two tickets for the Tuesday plane. Hinh barricaded his headquarters, posted tanks to protect its approaches. Diem hastily sent to his home town, Huế in central Annam, for 300 Roman Catholic partisans, had them airlifted to Saigon and had them mount guard on his palace.

Then Diem ordered Defense Secretary Le Ngoc Chan himself to relieve Hinh. General Hinh received the Defense Secretary politely, but pointed out that the Secretary was not an officer but a law clerk with no military knowledge. When Chan tried to give orders, staff officers blandly pretended not to hear him. A chastened Premier Diem summoned Hinh to plead with him. For answer, Hinh pulled a batch of telegrams from his pocket from more than 2,000 officers, declaring: "We protest against the unfair measures taken against you. We recognize you as our only leader." Said Hinh: "Now, Mr. President, I cannot leave. I am morally a prisoner of my men."

The Scramble. Mutiny, once started, is infectious. Like survivors in a leaky lifeboat, everyone suddenly wanted to share in the scramble for control. The Cao Dai, Hoa Hao and Binh Xuyen sects, who together control 40,000 soldiers, withdrew their support from Premier Diem, rallied to Hinh's side and demanded representation in Diem's government. At week's end Diem was still in the palace, guarded by his partisans; Hinh was at his headquarters, guarded by his tanks. Diem denounced Hinh as a rebel. Hinh answered: "All we have left is a choice between two solutions—buy 300,000 airplane tickets for the army or buy 15 airplane tickets for the Cabinet."

In this absurd and perilous situation, the French decided that the moment was propitious to declare Viet Nam completely independent, and handed over their last control of the Vietnamese police and courts. The Communists were more industrious. In the neighboring kingdom of Laos, they assassinated Defense Minister Kou Voravong with a shot in the back, hurled hand grenades into the house of the Foreign Minister. Unless the Diem-Hinh fight was quickly settled, the Viet Minh would not have to bother with hand grenades in Viet Nam.

Freedom, with all its troubles, still exerts its magnetism. In the eight weeks since partition, some 250,000 Vietnamese have already chosen to leave their homes in the Communist north for free Viet Nam—a far higher number than anyone expected. Of these, the U.S. Navy has transported 110,000. Harold Stassen's FOA is helping construct 125 emergency villages to house the new settlers.

AUSTRALIA

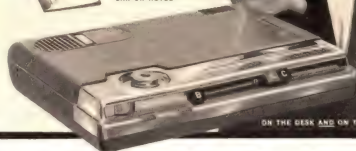
Career in Crisis

The Petrov spy case, now being unfolded before a three-man Royal Commission in Australia, has produced few sensations about major Soviet espionage in Australia. But Australians are fascinated, and a little

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appalled, by what the inquiry is doing to the career of a man who a few months ago had a good chance of becoming Australia's next Prime Minister.

Herbert Vere Evatt, leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, former Justice of the High Court, former Minister of External Affairs, bears no taint of Communism or espionage, and he had little need to be involved in the hearings. But whether by design, accident or a perverse combination of both, Herbert Evatt has staked his reputation and his future on a strange and lonely campaign to discredit all that the Royal Commission and the government are attempting to do.

Man with a Flair. In the rowdy game of Australian politics, no man has played with more vigor and flair than Herbert Evatt. A twangy-voiced, clumsily eloquent, self-made man from the New South Wales coal-mine area, he blended a superior mind, a well-nourished ego and a twelve-cylinder ambition into a striking career: he earned the highest marks in the history of Sydney University's law school, scored sensationally as a defense lawyer, wrote eleven books (including an angry defense of Captain Bligh against Hollywood's version of the *Mutiny on the Bounty*), became King's Counsel at 35 and a year later was made the youngest High Court judge in the British Commonwealth. When Australia's Labor Party came to power during World War II, he became both Attorney General and Minister for External Affairs.

On the world stage, Evatt was the same dashing, confident performer. Australia had never really had a foreign policy until he swaggered out to speak, usually at great length, for "Austriya." He negotiated the first test model of the post war regional security pacts (between Australia and New Zealand), and in 1948 was elected president of the U.N. General Assembly.

Labor, thrown out of office in 1949, subsequently chose Evatt to lead its fight to return to power, and he thus became its candidate for Prime Minister. The attempt failed by a nose in last spring's national elections, and left the party sharply divided between pro- and anti-Evatt factions. Just before election came the defection of Soviet Diplomat Vladimir Petrov and his wife (TIME, April 26).

Man in Trouble. As unfolded before the Royal Commission, Petrov's story and documents did not show any major betrayal of Australian military secrets, but it did imply that a web of fellow travelers had been spun into embarrassingly high corners of the late Labor government. A young ex-reporter named Fergan O'Sullivan confessed before the Royal Commission that he had once written highly personal dossiers on fellow Australian newsmen at the request of a Russian working for Tass. O'Sullivan later had served as Evatt's press secretary.

Then came an even louder thunderclap. Petrov had been provided with some "very confidential" information in a paper called Document J, prepared in part with information provided by Herbert Evatt's two



LABOR'S EVATT

A paper called Document J.

private secretaries. The Royal Commission hastily pointed out that "we do not find anything in this document that reflects on the leader of the opposition." But that did not soothe aroused Herbert Evatt.

Learning that the Liberal government had paid Petrov \$11,250 for losses he had suffered, Evatt accused the Liberals of bribing Petrov in order to beat Evatt at the polls. "This will rank with the burning of the Reichstag!" Evatt cried. Liberal Prime Minister Robert Menzies correctly pointed out that he had sternly kept all names involved in the Petrov case secret until after the election. "If I had disclosed the full facts," said he, "... Evatt would not now be in Parliament."

But Herbert Evatt plunged on. Without consulting his party on the possible consequences to the Labor Party's future, the leader of the opposition went into the Royal Commission hearings as lawyer for the two accused secretaries. There he thundered at and badgered the august commissioners until one of the judges snapped: "I don't propose to be taught by you how to administer the Royal Commission."

One of Petrov's disclosures implicated a woman in the French embassy in Canberra; the French promptly had her arrested and sent back to France for trial. Insisting that the woman was "likely" innocent, Evatt unabashedly wired the French Premier to suggest a careful investigation. Angriely the French fired back an official protest to the Australian government. It was a final straw for the Royal Commissioners; they barred Evatt from the hearings.

By last week it was apparent that Evatt's antics had hurt him in the country and weakened his hold on the Labor Party leadership. At 60, robust and ram-bunctious Herbert Vere Evatt was in the fight of his life, a fight to prove that his future is not all behind him.

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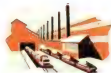


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THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

A Pair of Deals

Tempted by Juan Perón's new friendliness, two major U.S. businessmen tested the waters of Argentine investment last week and seemed quite ready and willing to wade in.

Atlas Corp.'s Floyd Odium was in Buenos Aires for the second time. On his first trip, in June, he had proposed only to produce crude oil at Neuquén, 600 miles southwest of Buenos Aires and to build a pipeline to get it out (TIME, June 14). Perón approved, but nationalistic politicians and army officers raised the old cry of foreign exploitation. Odium countered



KAISER & PERÓN IN BUENOS AIRES*
Bright plans for the marrow.

by dressing up his deal with a plan that combines the oil project, an investment company that would put the blocked pesos of U.S. companies to work—and most glitteringly—atomic energy. Under this proposal, he would get uranium mining concessions and would use a part of the profits to build atomic power plants selling electricity at low rates.

Almost as ingenious was an idea from Industrialist Henry Kaiser. At Córdoba, 400 miles northwest of Buenos Aires, he looked over the state-owned plant that produces cars, tractors, motorcycles, jet planes, light planes, gliders, parachutes, trucks and plastic boats. Kaiser's offer was to put \$25 million into an assembly line for the state plant and to supply the know-how for building Kaiser and Willys cars. Until the factory could supply the market, Kaiser proposed to export his U.S.-made cars to Argentina. Perón signed

* With Kaiser's touring companion, New Orleans' Mayor deLesseps S. Morris.

an "agreement in principle" for the deal and was so charmed by the industrialist and his young second wife that he gave Mrs. Kaiser a new Mercedes-Benz when they departed.

BRAZIL

R—Austerity

Three weeks in office had given President João Café Filho the inside details he needed to judge Brazil's economic plight. Last week, in an emotion-choked broadcast over all the country's radio stations, he laid the somber facts on the line. Brazil is in a "dreadful crisis," and the public has to face it. Revelations, all dated from the regime of Getúlio Vargas, whose suicide brought Café Filho to power:

¶ The budget deficit for the fiscal year will hit \$835 million, much of it chargeable to the "ridiculously low" rates of the San Francisco Valley Hydroelectric Agency and other government agencies.

¶ Dollar income is drastically down. "Instead of [normal] revenues between \$70 and \$100 million monthly . . . the Bank of Brazil got only \$36 million in July and \$39 million in August."

¶ Printing-press inflation is spinning out of hand.

¶ The recently doubled minimum wages raised production costs and prices.

Who is to blame? Generously—for he was not a Vargas man, and became Vargas' Vice President only through a whim of politics—Café Filho said that "it is not to the point now to investigate origins or guilt." But the disastrous errors were, in fact, made by Vargas to keep the political support of 1) electricity consumers, 2) planters who demanded the high fixed price that, as an unintended result, forced coffee revenues down, 3) credit-hungry businessmen, and 4) wage-boosting labor.

Perhaps because it was so starkly realistic, Café Filho's speech was well received. Vargas' old Finance Minister, Oswaldo Aranha, who had gone along with some of Vargas' measures even though he knew better, commented that the President was "on the track of truth . . . We shall live again in order and equilibrium if this advice is complied with."

THE AMERICAS

New-World Fighters

In the proud bull rings of old Spain, the eight-month bullfight season is nearing its end. The critics regrettably agree that Castile and Andalusia can so far offer no fit inheritor for the cape of the fabulous Manolete, killed in 1947, or for wealthy Luis Miguel Dominguín, who retired last year to dally with film stars. Instead, three brilliant matadors from the New World have flamed up to win the Spanish public's acclaim.

One is Mexico's Miguel Ángel, 25. Badly injured in May by a horn that pierced the roof of his mouth and fractured his brain-

pan, he came gallantly back early this month "with the taste of the horn in his mouth" to win a phenomenal triumph. Another newcomer is Peru's Indian-featured Umberto Valle, 23, who gave the year's finest single display of valor. Gored and tossed high in the air, he fought loose from the infirm attendants who were carrying him away and killed his bull.

But the season's brightest star is César Girón, a 20-year-old Venezuelan from an old Caracas bullfighting family. A promising baseball player in high school, Girón faced his first bull when, at 15, he jumped into the Caracas bull ring during a fight and gave the fans a laugh and a thrill. Last week, in the famed old bull ring of



Santos Yubero

GIRÓN & TROPHIES

Bright deeds in the afternoon.

Salamanca, Girón got the highest honors a delirious crowd could bestow.

In his first kill, after performing the whole classic repertory of passing the charging beast, he stunned the *aficionados* with a new pass of his own. He started it daringly, with his back to the bull, the red cloth muleta to his right. Moving the cloth and pivoting, he pulled the animal clear around him, letting the bull's left side scrape his body as the sharp left horn grazed his chin. Clean sword work followed, and the crowd awarded him both the bull's ears and its tail, symbolic of a top performance. For his second fight Girón drew in succession three fearless Ferdinands. Rather than cheat the crowd, Girón stepped out and offered personally to buy a fourth bull (cost: about \$500). Again, with a blend of perfect art and courage, he earned two ears and the tail. "This bullfighter," wrote Critic Curro Castañares, "valiant beyond all possibility of exaggeration, is of the artistic order of the great matadors."

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Onetime World Heavyweight Boxing Champion **Jack Dempsey**, 59, popped up in Buenos Aires on his first visit to the Argentine, where he was greeted by President **Juan Perón** (in whose honor, as "the world's first sportsman," a boxing festival was being staged) and an old ring foe, Argentina's **Luis Angel** ("The Wild Bull of the Pampas"). **Firpo**, Argentines have always believed that Firpo, who lost the 1923 fight by a k.o. in the second round after Dempsey knocked him down nine times, really won it in the first, when he smashed Dempsey clean through the ropes. Gracious Guest Dempsey made the Peronistas exuberant by agreeing. Said he: "I don't understand yet why they did not raise [Firpo's] hand, because in my country when a boxer leaves the ring—and I did leave the ring—he has lost the fight. In my heart, Firpo was world champion of all weights."

Setting a neat example for freeloading public servants who dote on hauling their relatives all over the lot at public expense, Admiral **Arthur W. Radford**, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, landed at New York's La Guardia Airport in a military plane after a flight from the capital, five minutes later greeted his wife, who flew from Washington by commercial airliner.

In Hollywood, a studio movie set was swept for action as red-haired **Maureen O'Hara**, wiggled to her knees, prepared to



CINEMA-**MAUREEN O'HARA**
No peeking.

re-enact history's barest bareback ride in the title role of *Lady Godiva of Coventry*. After the set was cleared, all that remained were 14 film technicians (eleven of them women), no outsiders, not a single producer.

First Lieut. **Roy M. Cohn** reported with 120 less renowned National Guard officers for a two-week stint of training duty at Keesler Air Force Base in Biloxi, Miss. Cohn took time out one evening to tell a group of local clubmen that everybody "should be trying to stop Communism," instead of criticizing his former boss, Senator **Joseph McCarthy**. His performance during the Army-McCarthy hearings having established him as something of an expert on the draft if not on wangling commissions, Cohn was naturally



LIEUTENANT **COHN**
No pictures.

assigned to a group studying Selective Service. But when the nation's Selective Service director, Major General **Lewis B. Hershey**, showed up and was asked to pose for a picture with Lieut. Cohn, the general, possibly recalling the sad consequences which overtook Army Secretary **Robert T. Stevens** after he obligingly posed with Army Private **G. David Schine**, retorted with a stiff, military "Hell, no!"

Swinging down into the U.S. after a three-week royal tour of Canada, Britain's handsome **Duchess of Kent** and her daughter, **Princess Alexandra**, 17, set Manhattan hostesses' knees trembling to curtsy, boards ready to groan. But the Duchess, whose U.S. visit is unofficial, apparently evaded most of sightseeing like any other tourist in the big city for the first time. At week's end, with just as



CINEMA-**GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA**
No pretense.

little fuss, she moved on to Washington, D.C., was soon swallowed up by the British embassy.

Italian Cinemactress **Gina Lollobrigida** arrived in Manhattan to boom her new movie, *Bread, Love and Dreams*. After standing for more than two hours while greeting some 750 news and film men at a free-flowing cocktail party, Gina plopped down into a chair, teeth prettily clenched on two rose stems, and massaged her tired feet.

Movie Producers **Bill Pine** and **Bill Thomas**, casting about for an actor to play the role of a governor of Texas in an oil-bomb epic called *Lucy Gallant*, spotted just the man for the part while stealing a peek at television. Their choice: Texas Governor **Allan Shivers**, who left Austin last week for a two-week vacation in California, a two-day fling at being himself before Hollywood cameras.

Of all people, busy Cinemactress **Jane (The French Line) Russell** showed up in Paris at the salon of Fashion Dictator **Christian Dior** to give the lie to his new, widely deplored "flat look." Jane's own sentiments about Dior's fashionable straitjacketings: "If a woman's got it, you can't do anything to suppress it." Snapped a Dior aide in rebuttal: "She presents us with no problems we cannot overcome." After half an hour in a fitting room, Jane, trailed by perspiring modistes, emerged in one of Dior's prize creations: a black wool number with a low-dipping mink collar. Onlookers chorused a spate of oo-la-las and agreed: "But that is a challenge." Purred Jane: "I love it."

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HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



SPORT

Oklahoma, O.K.!

The California sun beating down on Berkeley's Strawberry Canyon was made to order for the visitors from Oklahoma. In town to take on the University of California's Golden Bears for intercollegiate football's nationally televised game-of-the-week, the Sooners warmed up fast. By the end of the first half they had a slim lead (7-6). But their outweighed (by some 100 lbs. a man) line was out charging its opponents, their slam-bang tackling was setting up California fumbles, their split-second ball-handling was beating the Bear line backers to the punch.

Such early-season skill was not easily come by. For two tough training weeks in Oklahoma's late-summer heat, Coach Bud Wilkinson had been driving his men to the ragged edge of exhaustion. Up each day before dawn, a leather-tough squad of 58 Sooners—including a nucleus of 20 veterans—had been busily belting each other groggy. The Wilkinson split-T breaks down into intricate offensive patterns, but the Wilkinson formula for success is simple: "Sweat, sweat, and more sweat." The Sooners greeted. Hour after hour. Quarterback Gene Calame pirouetted through a series of fakes to perfect his quick-opening hand-offs, painstakingly practiced the famed Wilkinson option play.

Coach Wilkinson's hard-driving trickery has given Oklahoma one of the brightest records in modern college football (61 won, 3 tied, 7 lost). But getting past "Pappy" Waldorf's well-coached Californians in the first game of the season still looked like quite a trick. At Berkeley, the Sooners showed that they could do it.

In the second half, the Sooners really got hot. Stubby Don Brown (5 ft. 9 in., 183 lbs.) barreled out of his left-tackle

position and recovered a California fumble. From his own 13-yard line, lean Gene Calame took off in the option play. Circling behind the quarterback, Halfback Buddy Leake caught Calame's lateral without hitching his stride, raced a couple of steps and whipped a long forward pass downfield. On the Sooners 43. End Max Boydston took the ball easily over his shoulder. A diving defensive back just missed his heels. Running as if he had eyes in the back of his head, Boydston snaked away from the only other Bear in reach and completed an 87-yd. touchdown.

After that, Oklahoma scored twice more. California got another touchdown, mainly on short, sharp passes by Quarterback Paul Larson, but the Bears never got back in the game. Heading home to Oklahoma on the long end of a 27-13 score, Coach Wilkinson wasted no time working out new ways to make his boys sweat. If they could get by the University of Texas next month, they might finish the season undefeated. It was a heady thought.

No One to Hurt Him

In the first round, Challenger Ezzard Charles jolted the heavyweight champion with a right uppercut. Rocky Marciano lowered his head, and an irritated scowl flickered across his played features. Then, unperturbed, Rocky plodded back into the fight. He had taken the challenger's best punch; Charles was already a beaten boxer.

Last June Rocky needed 15 bloody rounds to punch out a decision over Charles. Last week the husky (5 ft. 11 in., 187 lbs.) champion was back at his brawling best. By now no one expected him ever to learn how to box, but it did not matter. There was no one around who could hurt him.

In the second round, Charles went down

under two looping rights and a left. In the \$40 ringside seats at Yankee Stadium, the well-heeled fight mob howled for blood. "Don't kill him so quick, Rocky," begged an ex-pug, his fists doubled. "Cut him up first!" Charles was up at the count of two. With some of his old, dancing skill, the ex-champion rode out the round.

For five more rounds, Charles covered up while Marciano plodded forward with the clumsy, rugged power of a reformed street-fighter. In the sixth, Charles battled back briefly, bloodied Marciano's broad nose. In the eighth, he opened a small cut over the champion's left eye. Then he made his mistake. Stepping away from a clumsy left hook, he dropped his own protecting left hand. Rocky crossed with a roundhouse right to the jaw. Limp and empty-eyed, Charles sagged to the canvas. He was all up at the count of four. Rocky was all over him, pumping those stubby arms with awful, awkward power. Down for the third time, Charles took the count of ten. He was still groggy when he stumbled across the ring to congratulate the champ.

In his dressing room, the beaten challenger stubbornly refused to face facts. "I could have lasted out the eighth," he said slowly, still trying to remember what had hit him. "I could have taken him in the next couple of rounds. He was cut up real bad." Charles almost convinced himself. "When do I fight again—for the championship, I mean?" he asked one of his handlers. The handler scuffed at the floor in embarrassment. "It may take some time, Ez," he said softly. "It may take some time."

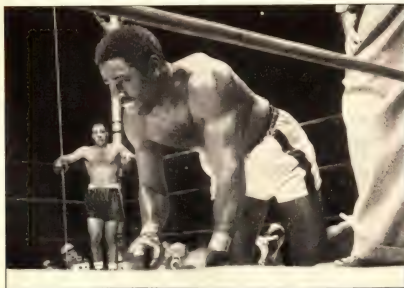
Scoreboard

☐ At Detroit's Briggs Stadium, the Cleveland Indians edged out the Tigers, 3-2, and clinched the 1954 American League pennant. In Philadelphia the longtime (five years) champion New York Yankees scrambled for a 6-5 victory over the Athletics to nail down second place. Meanwhile, in the National League, the New York Giants moved toward the World Series, pushed from behind by the bumbling Dodgers, who, if not dead, plainly had a death wish.

☐ At Baltimore, dour Paul Richards, who led the Chicago White Sox out of the wilderness of the American League's second division in 1951 and has kept them in third place ever since, was named general manager and field manager of the moulted Orioles (née the St. Louis Browns). Richards' successor in Chicago: mild Marty ("Mr. Shortstop") Marion, who flopped with the Browns in 1951.

☐ At Watkins Glen, N.Y., twisting for 101.2 miles around a rain-slicked course, Connecticut's Phil Walters in his Cunningham Special cut corners and roared wide open down the straightaways to average 83.5 m.p.h. and win his second International Grand Prix. In second place Chicago's Jim Kimberley in a Ferrari.

☐ At Montgomery, Ala., for the second year in a row, Mississippi Southern (2,000 students) scored the season's first major football upset by edging out Alabama, 7-2.



CHARLES TAKING FINAL COUNT (MARCIANO IN NEUTRAL CORNER)
He almost convinced himself.

N.Y. Daily Mirror-International

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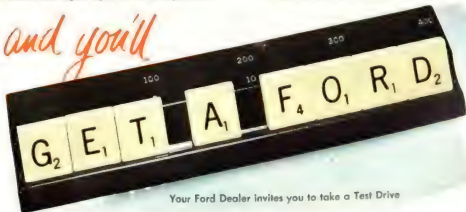
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SCIENCE

Arizona Arctic

One of the mysteries of geology is why the earth's climate has changed. During some geological ages, the whole earth has been abnormally warm, at other times abnormally cool. This sort of change can be attributed to variations in solar radiation or some other allover effect. At times, parts of the earth that are now cool had tropical climates, while parts now tropical were covered with ice. The obvious explanation is that the poles and the icecaps associated with them were then in different parts of the earth's surface, but this theory is hard to prove.

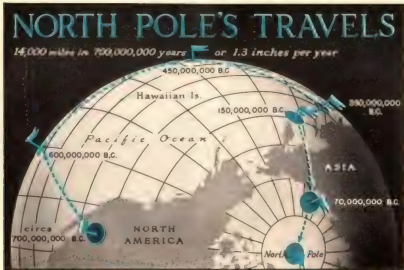
Geophysicist K. M. Creer of Cambridge University believes that he has proved it by measuring the magnetism of ancient rocks. Both volcanic and sedimentary rocks, as they are formed, tend to become

None of this means, Dr. Creer points out, that the earth's axis of revolution has changed its direction in space. More likely it has stayed put while the thin crust of the earth has slipped around the core, carrying different parts of the surface to the cold polar regions. Dr. Creer is not sure that the crust as a whole has moved. The continents may have drifted independently. By measuring the magnetism of more ancient rocks, he hopes to answer this question too.

Non-Commonsense Cosmos

How did the universe get the way it is? This largest of science's questions was attacked with vigor by the bold "Cambridge cosmologists" at the Oxford convention of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

In reasoning about the universe, said



magnetized by the earth's magnetic field. Their magnetism, though very feeble, is parallel to the magnetic field that formed it, pointing like a compass needle toward the magnetic pole.

When Dr. Creer measured the magnetism of ancient rocks, he found that it pointed every which way, sometimes toward places that are now near the earth's equator. Rocks of the same age generally pointed toward the same place, which Dr. Creer believes was the position of the north magnetic pole at the time the rocks were formed. About 700 million years ago, the pole was in Arizona. Then it moved to the Pacific, then to Japan and northward across eastern Siberia to its present position (see map).

Dr. Creer believes that the magnetic and geographical poles always stay close together, so the migrations of the magnetic pole mean that the geographical north pole moved in about the same way, followed faithfully by the earth's climatic zones. This would explain the ancient icecaps in lands where palms grow now.

Cosmologist Thomas Gold, "we must be on our guard against that evil intruder 'common sense.'" Common sense, Gold pointed out, is derived from human experience with objects of moderate size such as the human body and the solar system. Scientists now know that very small objects (i.e., subatomic particles) behave in a non-commonsensical way. Very large objects may behave unreasonably too.

Unnatural Laws. The things that science deals with, said Gold, range in size from electrons (radius 10^{-13} cm) to the universe itself (radius 10^{27} cm). Man, the earth and the solar system lie midway between the two extremes, and the laws that govern them have become so familiar that any deviation seems wrong. But gravitation, one ruling common-sense force, is ignored by subatomic particles, which are attracted to one another by enormously strong forces effective only at very short distances. To explain events in the "microphysical" world, scientists need the "unnatural" rules of quantum theory.

In the same way, Gold reasoned, the

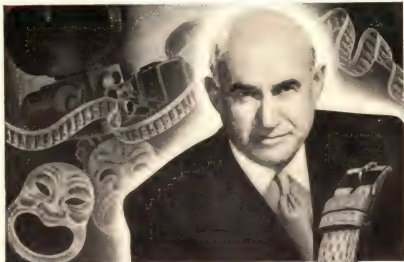


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"megaphysical" world (larger than galaxies) seems to have laws of its own. One of them is the mysterious force that causes the universe to expand, the galaxies fleeing from one another instead of being drawn together by gravitation. There may be many outlandish laws.

It will not be easy, said Gold, for scientists to discover the megaphysical laws; they cannot play with galaxies as they do with neutrons and electrons. But all sorts of clues must be lying around, and they should be spotted eventually.

The ancient Greeks, said Gold, were in rather the same fix when they tried to determine the shape of the earth. They could not see the earth as a whole and the details that they could see were confusingly irregular. But they fitted clues together



COSMOLOGIST SCIAMMA
Edward Leair
Without beginning, without end.

and eventually decided (against common sense) that the earth is round.

Explosive Model. Cosmologists believe that the best way to study the universe is to set up a theoretical "model" of it and then find out by observation whether the model matches the real universe. Cambridge Cosmologist Dennis W. Sciamma explained that since the megaphysical laws are largely unknown, cosmologists must test their models against the few facts they do possess. One set of facts they are reasonably sure of: the universe "is made of a fairly uniform mixture of chemical elements: 95% is hydrogen, nearly 5% is helium formed in stars. The small remainder is the heavier elements from lithium to uranium. The elements get scarcer as they get heavier until they reach the atomic weight of 100; after that, their abundance is about the same."

A respectable model of the universe must explain successfully this relative abundance of the elements. One theory

Cosmologists consider the earth a non-typical space-time-body element impurities.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 27, 1954

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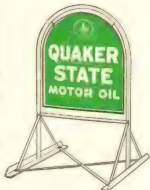


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the "evolving universe" (held by George Gamow and Ralph Alpher), presumes that about 5 billion years ago the universe started life with the great-great-grandfather of all explosions. The universe was then small, dense and hot, and was made up entirely of radiation and neutrons. As it exploded and expanded, most of the neutrons split into protons and electrons (hydrogen). A few joined together to form the heavier elements. It was all over in about 15 minutes; since then, the abundance of heavier elements has remained about the same.

Continuous Creation. The Cambridge cosmographers do not favor the theory of the explosive universe. Sciamia admitted that the heat of the original explosion might permit a few elements to form, but he said that according to the principles of nuclear physics the building-up process would stop with helium. An even worse flaw, said Sciamia, in the explosive universe theory is that it presupposes a complicated set of original conditions (temperature, density, etc.) that its proponents believe would have produced the existing universe. This is as arbitrary, said Sciamia, as saying: "Things are as they are because they were as they were."

The Cambridge cosmic model is the "steady state universe" featuring the startling principle of "continuous creation" (TIME, Nov. 20, 1950). In each several million cubic feet of space, it teaches, one atom of hydrogen is created every year. Some act of creation is unavoidable, say the Cambridge men (because the universe exists); their single assumption is much less arbitrary than assuming the creation of the whole universe jammed tightly and hotly together.

Out of the created hydrogen atoms, says the steady state theory, the whole universe has developed. Pulled by gravitation, the hydrogen atoms clot together, forming gas clouds, stars and galaxies. The galaxies flee from one another after their own odd custom, and more hydrogen is created in the space vacated. The process continues forever without beginning or end.

Supernovae Impurities. When this model was first propounded, it was largely theoretical. Now, said Sciamia, it is being checked against the abundances of the elements, the same set of cosmic facts that is the principal support of the explosive universe theory. Some stars made of hydrogen explode as supernovae. Their temperature and density are known roughly from observation, and they are high enough to make hydrogen atoms join together, forming all the heavier elements in about the right proportion. The explosion distributes them throughout the galaxy, and supernovae are frequent enough to supply all the heavy-element "impurities" that a typical galaxy possesses.

Much more checking will have to be done before all cosmologists agree that the universe is in a steady state of continuous creation. But Sciamia believes that a good beginning has been made toward proving by observation that all the properties of the universe grow naturally out of new hydrogen created in empty space.

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4. And it combines all these advantages at a reasonable price . . . no higher than the price of a standard tire and tube.

Perhaps the best proof of these statements is found in the action of the automobile industry. The new Tubeless Super-Cushion will be standard equipment on many of the new 1955 cars.

On the next two pages you'll see how 3-T Cord permits the All-New Tubeless Super-Cushion to outperform any comparable tire made today—tubeless or regular.





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*Photographs, Leslie Gill
South Florida art
from the Carlsbach Gallery, New York
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MEDICINE

Conscientious Guinea Pigs

Wayne Arthur Reeve, 27, is a husky Quaker from Indianapolis and he has rarely known sickness. But last week it was a little hard for him to visit friends in his ward in the imposing Clinical Center of the National Institutes of Health at Bethesda, Md. In Reeve's left wrist was a hypodermic needle from which rubber tubing ran to an infusion bottle hanging from a stand on casters. This elaborate rig, which Reeve moved along with him, was needed to keep him from being immobilized for eight hours while ACTH dripped slowly into his veins so that research doctors could study what happened to hormones in Reeve's bloodstream.

Quaker Reeve is one of a dozen volunteers serving as human guinea pigs at



Quaker Reeve
Tougher than the Army.

Bethesda. He is also a conscientious objector. Under the Selective Service Act he had elected to work off his obligation with two years of service contributing to "the maintenance of the national health, safety or interest." Of the 4,000 Quakers, Mennonites, members of the Assemblies of God and Church of the Brethren, or other pacifist sects who choose this course each year, most go to work as attendants in mental hospitals. Only a hardy few volunteer for guinea-pig duty.

Low Fat, No Fat. Preceding Reeve in a similar drip test was 20-year-old Arthur Birk (Brethren) of Teegarden, Ind. As soon as the doctors had learned what they could about the effect of ACTH on his adrenals' output of electrocortin, they put him on a salt-free diet. All he had to do was to promise not to take any food or drink away from the center. He could work on its house newspaper or play golf or go into Bethesda for the movies. But

it was no snap: he lost 15 pounds in a week.

Some volunteers go on diet rotation one week with low fat, one with no fat, one on high fat. During each stage, the human guinea pigs are tapped for blood samples for studies of the fat content. Some get a regular pre-breakfast injection of heparin (a drug usually administered to prevent blood-clotting) to see what effect it has on fats in the blood.

Another guinea pig now in the Bethesda center is 24-year-old Robert Brantner (Brethren) of Lanark, Ill. In metabolism studies he is being kept on a rice diet in an effort to make this unsalted, monotonous regimen (usually prescribed to keep down water retention in heart cases) less wearisome and more nourishing. The trouble has been that because it lacks protein the rice-fruit menu causes the dieter to burn up his own body proteins. Metabolism experts have tried to prevent this in Brantner's case by adding two amino acids, lysine and threonine, to his diet. Also, he has had a break because his rice dishes prepared in the center's elaborate metabolic kitchens have included such delicacies as olives, mushrooms and an apple pie (made with a rice crust).

Nor Any Drop to Drink. Also at the center have been two women, not subject to the draft but giving a year's service at the behest of their churches: 24-year-old Ruth Hepner (Assemblies of God) of Hamilton, Mont., and 22-year-old Florence Shetler (Brethren) of Robinson, Pa. Both have spent weeks taking tiny daily doses of cortisone and giving frequent blood samples so that doctors can measure the rate of its disappearance from the bloodstream. For still more refined studies they have taken hormones tagged with radioactive atoms.

Before he went to Bethesda, Wayne Reeve had done guinea-pig duty at the University of Michigan, where Dr. Jerome W. Conn is studying stress. The stress to which he exposed Reeve was thirst, five days with nothing to drink. "It was a big temptation," says Reeve "especially when I was brushing my teeth and it would have been so easy to drink a little. But you don't want to ruin the experiment."

For each guinea pig's services the Government pays \$115 a month to the church that handles his recruitment. The church, in turn, pays the volunteer \$10 to \$20 a month for pocket money. Says Dr. Conn: "Things are a lot tougher for these boys than for many in the Army. Considering the kind of things they go through, they really have to be conscientious objectors to take it."

Cure for Skinheads?

For two patients who had trouble with the circulation in their legs and feet, Glasgow's Dr. John Kelvin prescribed a drug (Ronicol) that is supposed to open the arteries far from the heart. After they had taken four tablets a day for two

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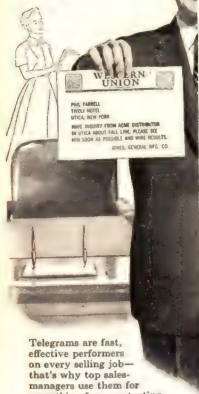
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GP Magazine

months, the patients—who had both been bald—reported that they had grown fine heads of hair.

Reporting what he called a "hair-raising phenomenon" to the *British Medical Journal*, Dr. Kelvin simply passed on one ex-baldhead's "feasible suggestion that the hirsute embellishment is due to the tablets' improving the circulation of the scalp by their vasodilating [artery-widening] action." He offered no theory of his own. Instead, he added lamely: "I confess that I have not yet personally tried the tablets to cure my own baldness."

Woman & Womb

From earliest times, woman's womb and its workings have been grossly misunderstood. For centuries, the uterus was supposed to have an independent life and motility of its own. It was believed to be the cause of hysteria, which was derived from the Greek word for womb (*hysteria*). Even today, a "host of taboos, legends and mysteries" persist. So say two Salt Lake City psychiatrists in the current issue of *GP* (published by the American Academy of General Practice). According to Drs. C. H. Hardin Branch and David E. Reiser, "otherwise sophisticated and intelligent" women are extremely naive in their attitude to the functioning of the womb and its psychological overtones. Some women "seem to attempt denial of its actual attachment to them."

Problem of Adolescence. "The textbook material 'learned' in high school and college physiology courses makes but a feeble onslaught against the fortress of centuries-old legendary beliefs," say Branch and Reiser. Though moderns may not believe that the presence of a menstruating woman turns milk sour, keeps bread from rising and wilts cut flowers, they betray holdovers of superstition.

Many adolescent girls who have not been adequately taught associate menstruation with injury—and this idea is perpetuated, say Drs. Branch and Reiser, by such colloquialisms as "falling off the roof." Impressed by mothers with "the piteous state of women," many girls still regard the onset of menstruation as "the entrance into a periodic House of Horrors, the only exit being the Menopause."

The evidence of maturity fills many a girl with fear and loathing. Then she complicates her physical change with emotional difficulties that may last indefinitely. Modern medicine rejects the idea that menstruation need be disabling, but impressionable women have been conditioned to believe that it is.

Maturity & Middle Age. Pregnancy may bring equally severe problems: "The pregnant woman is traditionally allowed to be emotionally unstable, subject to... capricious appetites... And the pregnant woman who does not show some of these vagaries is often subtly encouraged to do so by her friends... However sublime it may be under the proper circumstances, in sober fact the pregnancy may express hostility on the part of either husband or wife, increase the self-esteem of either, or be a mere coincidence... For the woman who has been trained to regard men as beasts, sexual intercourse as vile, and childbirth as a sort of vaginal Armageddon, the pregnancy may be a maddening together of terrors..."

Drs. Branch and Reiser are not impressed by the emotional crisis that sometimes follows childbirth—the "so-called post-partum psychosis." They have never seen it in a woman who has not had deep emotional disturbances long before.

As for the menopause, it "provides a setting for a climax of all the feelings a woman may have about her uterus... It is expected that at the 'change of life' she will become emotionally unstable, petulant, demanding, irascible... frigid; will 'lose her womanhood,' will become fat and unattractive, and in a final step in her dissolution will 'lose her mind.'"

Actually, Drs. Branch and Reiser declare, many a woman's life has to be readjusted in her 40s and 50s, but the menopause may have little or nothing to do with it. Usually, it is because her children are sufficiently grown to need little of her attention; and she may "suffer a serious loss of self-esteem." On the other hand, if she wisely finds other outlets for her energies, this is a time of life "when the personality of the woman can emerge into full flower, no longer inhibited by her periodic reminder that she is either always pregnant or potentially so."

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EDUCATION

Time & the Schools

In Washington, D.C., one morning last week, Principal Mildred Green of the Raymond elementary school solemnly walked into her auditorium, faced her audience of new pupils, and calmly began a special opening-day speech. She chose her words carefully, for this year, for the first time, her once all-white school was going to be 50% Negro. "This," said she, "isn't a school until you make it one. What kind of a school it will be depends upon you . . . You can make it happy by being fine and friendly and kind to each other."

Principal Green's words apparently had their effect at Raymond. More important, they seemed to set the tone for the entire capital. Some 3,000 Negroes were transferred to white schools last week, and plans were afoot to desegregate the whole school system by next year. By week's end, hardly a protest had been heard. Reported Assistant Superintendent Norman J. Nelson: "We don't know of one single thing untoward happening."

Elsewhere in the South, citizens and officials were also facing the problems brought on by the U.S. Supreme Court's decision against segregation in the public schools. St. Louis took the first step by removing the color line in its special schools for handicapped children. White and Negro pupils arrived in the same buses, started the year without incident. "Similar experiences," said the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, "are occurring throughout Missouri . . . In Little Dixie [central Missouri], 52 Negroes enrolled for high school at Fulton. In the heart of the Bootheel cotton country, 30 attended classes at formerly white schools in Sikeston . . . Time is running out on race discrimination in this America. Missouri at least can tell time a little better than some states."

Arkansas, it seemed, could also tell time. In Fayetteville (pop. 17,000), five pupils took their places in the high school as if they had been going there for years. And last week Charleston, Ark. (pop. 900) quietly let it be known that eleven Negroes had been peacefully attending the white school since opening day, Aug. 23. But though such peace and quiet were not exactly the exception in the South, they were far from being the rule. Among developments reported last week:

¶ In Mississippi, the legislature passed a constitutional amendment empowering the state to abolish the public schools should no other way be found to keep the Negroes segregated.

¶ In Alabama, a legislative committee formally recommended to Governor Gordon Persons the same sort of constitutional amendment.

¶ In Virginia, Governor Thomas B. Stanley once again announced: "I shall use every legal means at my command to preserve segregated public schools."

¶ In Texas, the Democratic state con-

vention adopted a plank urging "every legal means to continue our public schools as they are, on a separate but equal basis."

¶ In Georgia, Attorney General Eugene Cook announced that his state was joining South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana in a boycott of the scheduled U.S. Supreme Court hearings on ways and means of carrying out the court's decision.

¶ In White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., school authorities ordered 25 Negroes out of the white high school after 300 students went out on strike and some 600 townspeople threatened at a mass meeting to "drag [the Negroes] out bodily if the school board won't give in." The board's excuse for its order: "Crowded conditions."



ARCHITECT HUDNUT
After retirement, stardom.

From the Reservoir

Of all the projects ever started by U.S. foundations, few have had more pleasant results than the John Hay Whitney Foundation's program for visiting professors in the humanities. In the last two years the foundation has picked out twelve retired scholars, paid them an average of \$7,500 a year, sent them off to continue the careers for a year on small liberal-arts campuses that might not otherwise have been able to afford such special talent. The scheme proved so appealing, in fact, that last year the New York Foundation joined the Whitney in a similar program. This week, as the two foundations jointly announced their selection of twelve new names for 1954, they had ample evidence from 1953 of just how successful the experiment has been.

¶ Star of the 1953 group was Architect Joseph Hudnut, 68, retired dean of the Harvard Faculty of Design. At Maine Colby College he taught three classes, helped design two new general education



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courses for this fall, delivered six Sunday lectures for the general public. A kindly, cane-toting man who likes rambling talks and walks. Hudnut ended his year teaching 144 regular students—about a seventh of the college's total enrollment.

¶ For Frank Hurburt O'Hara, 66, onetime director of drama at the University of Chicago, the story was much the same. At the tiny (600 students) College of Idaho in Caldwell, Idaho, O'Hara laced his lectures with anecdotes about the great and near great of U.S. letters, was credited with tripling the enrollment in the American literature course. To O'Hara, the feeling was apparently mutual. Said one friend after his return from Idaho: "I've never seen him so full of steam."

¶ At Maryland's Goucher College (for women), Classicist Harry Huhbell, 73, former professor of Greek at Yale, started out his year with six students, ended up with a record 40.

¶ At North Carolina's Davidson College, James Southall Wilson, 73, retired dean of the University of Virginia's Department of Graduate Studies, had such a good time teaching Shakespeare ("The happiest academic experience I've had") that he immediately accepted another job at Hollins College, Virginia.

¶ At the University of the South (Sewanee, Tenn.), Clarence Ward, 70, former professor of the history and appreciation of art at Oberlin, chalked up an impressive record. As a result of his stay, the university has decided to set up a full-fledged department of fine arts, has asked Ward to return as a charter member.

With such samples of success, the New York and Whitney Foundations hope to inspire the hiring of other retired professors. The Whitney Foundation has a list of 350 scholars willing and able to return to work. All in all, says former Columbia College Dean Harry J. Carman, chairman of the foundation's Division of Humanities, it is quite a reservoir—"which too often goes unused."

Report Card

¶ After questioning 413 cities on their expenditures for the year 1952 to 1953, the U.S. Office of Education was able to give some figures as to the range of support U.S. citizens give to their schools. Among the largest cities (100,000 or more), expenditures per pupil ran from \$133 in Memphis to \$395 in Newark. Among the smallest cities (under 10,000), Bronxville, N.Y. took the prize with \$675, while Batesville, Ark. trailed with \$97.

¶ In a special ceremony attended by U.S. High Commissioner James Bryant Conant, West Berlin formally opened the \$1,300,000 new American Memorial Library. With a capacity for 700,000 volumes, the building will be the most up-to-date public library in Europe.

¶ Student of the week: former North Korean Communist No Kum-Sok, 22, who won a reward of \$100,000 for piloting a MIG-15 from behind the Iron Curtain, showed how he intended to use the money by enrolling as a freshman at the University of Delaware.



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MUSIC

Balanchine Puzzler

The audience was perplexed. What was George Balanchine trying to do, anyhow? One week he premièred his rollicking, straightforward *Western Symphony* with his New York City Ballet (TIME, Sept. 20), then he turned around and dished out this weird puzzler called *Ivesiana*. The music, which was by that half-legendary New Englander, the late Charles Ives, was peculiar enough, with its crotchety rhythms and its wispy dissonances—but what happened on stage was even odder.

In the first movement, for instance, a macabre pattern of faces appeared out of the darkness. The two principals seemed to be looking for something, then danced up to a violent climax and went away again, still looking. Of course, there were a couple of ragtime movements that seemed normal enough, with Tanaquil LeClerc kicking up her hobble-soled heels. But how about that weird finale? A lot of faces began to show in the darkness, too far down to be full-grown dancers. It was pretty scary until the stage got lighter and it turned out that the girls and boys were on their knees, just nudging around the stage.

As for the movement called *The Unanswered Question*, was that supposed to be funny? That pretty girl in the tight, white costume, Allegra Kent—those men were twisting and bending her all over the place, back dives and everything, all in slow motion, and her feet never even touched the floor. This was ballet?

Anyway, it was Balanchine, and he is a genius, as everybody knows. Even if *Ivesiana* wasn't very clear, it was fun, and so the crowd gave the cast a nice hand at the end. Next day most of Manhattan's mystified dance reviewers declined to evaluate the ballet, although they paid their respects to distinguished Composer Ives (an insurance broker who pioneered polytonal music in the U.S. in his spare time, died this year at 79). But the *Daily News's* Douglas Watt found something positive to report about the ballet in Allegra Kent's athletic performance. It soon became apparent, he wrote after watching her costume pull tighter, that she had "one of the cutest behinds in the company."

Britten in Venice

Venice's International Festival of Contemporary Music, which used to play host to such startling modern operas as Igor Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* and Dmitry Shostakovich's *The Lady Macbeth of Mzensk*, last week unveiled a collaboration between two chilly and notably elegant talents: Britain's Composer Benjamin Britten and America's late, great Author Henry James. The work Britten's opera version of *The Turn of the Screw*.

Venice's handsome La Fenice theater was festively decked with roses as the full-dress crowd drifted in from gondolas. On hand in person to conduct the world



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One of the cutest.

première, wearing a white suit and red tie, was Composer Britten, 40. On a stark stage, British Tenor Peter Pears sang the prologue ("It is a curious story. I have it written in faded ink..."). From then on, the plot followed the outlines of the Henry James chiller about a young governess in an English country house who attempts to protect her young charges from the evil doings of a pair of phantoms. The opera's 16 scenes flashed quickly across the stage, building awareness of horror as the red-haired Quint appeared in the tower, the green-face Miss Jessel seen by the lake, and the ghosts chanted



GIACOMELLI
COMPOSER BRITTEN
Two of the chilliest.

diabolically to the children at night.

The singing alternated between hummable melodies and tricky modernities. Outstanding performer: twelve-year-old David Hemmings, who won cheers in what is probably the longest role ever written for a boy soprano. The score as a whole (written for a small, 13-piece orchestra) skillfully skirted the fringes of the action, ranging from moments of movie-score drama to *Peter and the Wolf* simplicity, including a lilting harp passage to accompany the children and wailing sirens for the ghosts.

The Italians seemed fairly baffled by the refined music and the obscure Jamesian plot, made no clearer by the strange language (the libretto, by Welsh-English Writer Myfanwy Piper, was sung in English). But the audience politely brought the fine English cast back for eight curtain calls. Wrote *Il Tempo* of Britten's score: "A type of anthology of modern musical taste." *Corriere della Sera* applauded Britten's "sinister castle of sounds," but found it "difficult to establish even approximately what the new opera is meant to signify."

New Records

Berlioz: The Damnation of Faust (Suzanne Danco, David Polesi, Martial Singher; Harvard and Radcliffe choruses; Boston Symphony conducted by Charles Munch; Victor 3 LPs). The greatest translation into music of Goethe's *Faust*, this score reaches heights of drama and tenderness undreamed of in Gounod's more popular version. Mephistopheles makes his entrances to portentous, brassy thunderclaps. Marguerite changes from an innocent child to a passionate woman in the toils of love, and Faust himself is almost painfully credible. The "dramatic legend" proved too big—and perhaps too tightly composed—to be a success on stage, but it is splendid on records.

Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra (Minneapolis Symphony conducted by Antal Dorati; Mercury). The fourth LP of a contemporary classic, this version has the distinction of dazzlingly clear and closeup sound, presumably authentic interpretation by one of Bartok's pupils and performance by a fine orchestra.

Byrd: The Four- & Five-Part Masses (Pro Musica Antiqua conducted by Safford Cape; EMS). These two Masses for solo voices were composed during the Reformation in England, when Roman Catholic services were forbidden. The music is a fine sample of Byrd's mastery of counterpoint and his heartfelt devotion. It is sympathetically sung by Belgian specialists in fine music of bygone days.

Chabrier: Seven Pieces for Piano (Ginette Doyen; Westminster). Fiery performances of music that is attractive enough for more frequent hearings than it gets. Composed in 1860 and 1891, some pieces have a fine Spanish flavor and a few French flourishes as well.

Debussy: Sonata for Violin and Piano (Ginette and Jean Neveu; Angel). A memorial album for Ginette Neveu, the richly talented French violinist who died

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in an airplane crash five years ago. This piece is one of Debussy's last, and, while not his best, it is full of his special kind of interest. Also on the disk: Chausson's *Poème* and Ravel's *Tzigane*.

Greek Folk Songs and Dances (Royal Greek Festival Co.; Esoteric). Odd and unexpected rhythms, exotic harmonies; haunting melodic patterns and some rarely recorded instruments, e.g., *lira* (violin), *santir* (dulcimer), wooden spoons, go into one of the most interesting and unusual albums of the year.

Guitar Recital (Luise Walker; Epic). Solo works by such bygone masters of the classical guitar as Fernando Sor and Francisco Tarrega and a three-movement *Concertino for Guitar and Orchestra* by the contemporary Brazilian composer, Guido Santorsola, accompanied by the Vienna Symphony under Paul Sacher. The big work is ideal for records, where the quiet colors of the solo instrument can be clearly heard and its gently modern effects fall pleasantly on the ear.

Kodaly: Peacock Variations (Chicago Symphony conducted by Antal Dorati; Mercury). Variations of abundant color and virtuosity on the Hungarian folk song, *Fly, Peacock, Fly*. The performance does it full justice.

Massenet: Scènes Pittoresques (Lamoureux Orchestra conducted by Jean Fournet; Epic). An ingratiating suite by one of the French nationalist revolutionaries of the 1870s (others: Lalo, Saint-Saëns) that swings its waltz and polonaise movements as only Massenet could. Played as if it were made of sturdier stuff.

Oberrkirchen Children's Choir (Edith Müller, conductor; Angel). Thirty-five sweet-voiced youngsters from a small (pop. 6,400) town in Germany sing right prettily. Besides an ingenious version of Schubert's *Der Lindenbaum* and other old favorites, they sing the popular *Happy Wanderer*. Their style resembles Fred Waring's showy choral technique. The group is now touring the U.S.

Schubert: Symphony No. 9 in C (NBC Symphony conducted by Arturo Toscanini; Victor). The dozzenth LP of this masterpiece and the second by the Maestro and his men. This one has the advantages of modern recording techniques, and Toscanini, 85 when he made the recording, shows undiminished vigor (the finale whips along like 60). The fancy album leaflet includes an appreciation by Essayist André Maurois.

Verdi: Falstaff (Herva Nelli, Cloe Elmo, Giuseppe Valdengo, Frank Guarrera, Robert Shaw Chorale, NBC Symphony conducted by Arturo Toscanini; Victor, 3 LPs). Verdi's last opera (composed when he was 79) and his towering masterpiece. Old age robbed Verdi of none of his genius, and at times the *Falstaff* melodies have all the melting tenderness of *Aida* or *Travatore*. The orchestra trills and chortles in a mischievous manner most of the time, and the Maestro sees to it that every note is dagger-sharp. Although the voices are not all of surpassing beauty, there is enough standout singing to add up to a unique recording.



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"SCORPION" is the name for Northrop Aircraft's powerful, heavily-armed weather F-4B/D interceptor. Two Allison J-35 jet engines power the bug, shown firing rockets from both wingtip launchers.



OF AIR FORCE FIGHTERS

Another example of continuing progress in rebuilding American Air Power

With the importance of Air Power to our national security now clearly recognized, every citizen is entitled to know what progress is being made toward achieving it—and what problems must then be faced in maintaining it.

Through the combined efforts of our armed forces and the American aircraft industry, new and improved aircraft in every category are now being delivered at four times the production rate at the

outbreak of the Korean war in 1950. Like the new Air Force fighters shown on the opposite page, all are designed to be second to none in quality and performance, and a vital part of the total military power on which our security may depend.

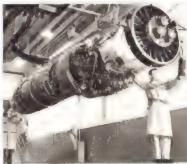
But in spite of this progress, the nation faces a continuing challenge. It takes at least seven years to design, develop and produce a new fighting airplane. And, in the face of known technical advances

behind the Iron Curtain, America's aviation must be kept modern . . . must never lag behind.

Today, America is vigorously continuing this essential progress in military aviation. If carried forward on the basis of a long-range plan, without costly stop-and-go interruptions, it can achieve and maintain—at lowest possible cost to taxpayers—the kind of strength in the air under which lasting peace may one day be attained.



CONTINUING RESEARCH in the aviation industry is absolutely vital for progress in the performance of aircraft. Basic problems must be solved—stubborn problems of higher-speed, higher-altitude flight; in finding better materials to withstand heat and stress; in devising safer aircraft, improved engines, weapons and equipment. Special research planes like those above help provide data needed to design supersonic fighters and bombers.



CONTINUING DEVELOPMENT stretches the lifespan of an aircraft type, keeping it in first-line service longer and able to do a better job. An engine, too, may go through a number of models, each laboriously advanced to meet the never-ending demand for high quality, greater power and efficiency. Above is a new "afterburner" model of Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's mighty J-57 turbojet, developed to boost the speed of supersonic fighters.



CONTINUING PRODUCTION of the most modern aircraft and weapons is rebuilding U. S. Air Power from the weak level of 1917 to a position of major strength, as this graph shows. Today's rate will give America a modern Air Force by 1957. Estimated future production can provide continuing air strength at minimum cost to taxpayers. With far fewer planes, 1957 Air Power will be far more powerful than World War II's giant air forces.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Craziest Thing

On his *Garry Moore Show* (weekdays, 10 a.m., CBS-TV) one day last fortnight, crew-cut Master of Ceremonies Moore decided to brighten the day of a vacationing housewife in his studio audience. Mrs. Margaret Deibel, 26, had come to Manhattan with her appliance-salesman husband from their home in Mount Pleasant, Mich. (pop. 11,000). "Are you rich?" Moore asked Mrs. Deibel. No, said she, but not poor either. "Just for laughs," as he later explained, Moore suggested to his estimated 3,000,000 televiewers that they each send Mrs. Deibel a nickel. That was all there was to it—no boxtops, no labels, no strings attached.

By the time Margaret Deibel got home

The Week in Review

CBS gave some ground to rival NBC last fortnight in the endless contest for network supremacy (TIME, Sept. 20). NBC's most expensive, ambitious attack to date was *Satins and Spurs*, starring Betty Hutton, the first of a series of \$300,000 "spectaculars" (telecast in color). Most critics gave it restrained applause, but after comparing the Trendex ratings of *Satins* (16.5) and its own *Toast of the Town* (34.6), CBS confidently launched its counterattack last week.

Where NBC had put its big money on a one-star bombshell, CBS loosed a volley of diamond-tipped arrows: *The Best of Broadway*, a new, monthly, one-hour drama series in color with all-star casts.



CHARLES & MARGARET DEIBEL OPENING CONTRIBUTIONS
No boxtops, no labels, no strings attached.

to her children (Danny, 25, Mary Louise, six months) two days later, her living room was jam-packed with friends, lawyers, casual well-wishers and the local police chief. The chief had earlier lugged many mail sacks, the first wave of her coinucopia, to the jail for safekeeping. In the city hall basement last week Mrs. Deibel, with the help of a volunteer corps of accountants, Kiwanis, American Legion and Lions members, sat dazedly opening envelopes and untaping or unwrapping her mounting pile of coins. At last count, her take was some 130,000 contributions and she was close to having \$7,000 Moore money than before.

"Boy, is this crazy!" cried she. "It's just the craziest thing that ever happened to me." And things promised to get crazier yet. At week's end Mrs. Deibel was told to brace herself for a new surge of silver, touched off by the kinescope of Moore's show when it was telecast in cities which had not received the live program.

The opener was an adaptation of *The Royal Family*, a 1927 comedy hit by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. A trifle rusty and overdone for 1954 and TV, the play covers the strenuous alarms, excursions, and extravagances of three generations of fiercely theatrical Cavendishes (who bear a neat resemblance to the Barrymores) in the course of resolving the heroine's now-familiar indecision between the stage and a normal marriage.

The blue-chip cast, all old pros, managed to brush away much of *Royal Family*'s dust. Fredric March, who played Tony, the skirt-chasing screen idol, in both Hollywood and Broadway versions, roared and pranced through the TV adaptation with his old gusto. Helen Hayes, as the family's irascible matriarch, and Claudette Colbert, as the harassed heroine, played warmly and well, supported by the harrumphs of Charles Coburn as the family manager. As a play, *Royal Family* was not the best starter for a

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THE Dollmaker

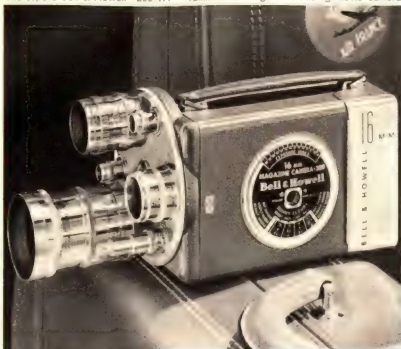
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prestige builder. The madcap antics, the entrances and exits tended to jumble on the TV screen without jelling. Producer Martin Manulis should have better results with plays to come. Among them: *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, *Panama Hat-tie*, *The Philadelphia Story*, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *Ab, Wilderness!*

Other high-powered weapons, yet to come, in the CBS arsenal:

The Chrysler Show, consisting of two separate series. The first is **Shower of Stars** (Sept. 30, 8:30-9:30 p.m. E.S.T.), a color-telesat monthly musical series. First offering: a musical "extravaganza," starring Betty Grable, Harry James, Mario Lanza. **Climax** (Oct. 7, 8:30-9:30 p.m.) is a thrice-a-month drama show. First offering: *The Long Goodbye*, with Dick Powell, Teresa Wright, Caesar Romero.

General Electric Theater (Sept. 26, 9-9:30 p.m.), an all-film show last year, starts off live with *Nora*, an adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, starring Gene Tierney, Luther Adler, Patric Knowles.

Jack Benny (Oct. 3, 7:30 p.m.) begins his fifth TV season at a faster, forthright pace. With him: Rochester, Don Wilson, Bob Crosby.

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Sept. 23, Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Lux Video Theater (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC). *The Heiress*, with Vincent Price, Marilyn Erskine.

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow interviews Secretary of Agriculture Ezra T. Benson, and Actress Eva Marie Saint.

Jackie Gleason Show (Sat. 8 p.m., CBS). With Art Carney, Audrey Meadows.

Spectacular (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). *Lady in the Dark*, with Ann Sothern.

Adventure (Sun. 3:30 p.m., CBS). Documentary film on the Navaho Indians, **Caesar's Hour** (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). The new Sid Caesar show.

Tonight (weekdays 11:10 p.m., NBC). Late-at-night variety, with Comic Steve Allen.

The Blue Angel (Tues. 8:30 p.m., CBS). A witty variety show with Orson Bean, Hildegarde.

U.S. Steel Hour (Thurs. 9 p.m., ABC). Frank Lovejoy in *Baseball Blues*.

RADIO

La Fiesta Mexicana (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., ABC). First performance of H. Owen Reed's folk symphony.

Game of the Week (Sat. 2:15 p.m., ABC). Penn State v. Illinois.

Campaign '54 (Sun. 12:05 p.m., CBS). Election prospects in Colorado, Oregon, Idaho.

Jack Benny (Sun. 7 p.m., CBS). Back again.

Mahalia Jackson Show (Sun. 10:05 p.m., CBS). Starring one of the nation's top gospel singers.



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THE PRESS

Over the Bridge

Over the international bridge connecting Communist China with the free British colony of Hong Kong last week walked two gaunt, hollow-eyed newsmen. After 18 months' imprisonment, NBC Correspondent Richard Applegate and I.N.S. Correspondent Donald Dixon were released by the Chinese Communists. With them was a U.S. merchant marine officer, Ben Krasner, captured with them while they were cruising on Applegate's sailboat *Keri* in international waters west of Hong Kong.

In a hotel, where they were interviewed by some 40 newsmen, they shrugged their filthy yachting clothes, which they had been wearing ever since they were captured, and took their first hot baths in 18

ever out of their cells, except for escorted trips to the toilet, was for questioning.

The Communists pressed Correspondent Dixon to describe U.S. units that he had seen as a war correspondent in Korea ("I played dummy") and military installations on Formosa, where he had made a five-week tour ("I told them only what I had written"). Correspondent Applegate, after long questioning, finally wrote a phony description of U.S. germ warfare in Korea. He decided that the Communists wanted the "confession" as the price for letting them go free. But the Reds complained that his confession contained "lies" and "inaccuracies," so he went back to his cell, read germ-warfare confessions that were reported in English-language Communist propaganda papers he was



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DIXON, APPLEGATE & KRASNER IN HONG KONG
They learned to tell the right lies.

months. Then they headed happily for a champagne and steak party, where fellow newsmen celebrated their release and heard more of their story.

Intrusion. The only crime the Communists accused them of, said the three, was "intruding into China's territorial waters." Under questioning, they insisted to Red officers that the *Keri* never touched Chinese waters, was well within international territory when a Red gunboat took them in tow. But the Communists were not satisfied. First the three were taken to a detention and interrogation center for seven months. Then, handcuffed and blindfolded, they were moved to separate cells in a Canton jail. In the tiny (6 ft. by 11 ft.), concrete cells each one also had a Chinese cellmate. For beds there were only planks; the only light came through small, high windows that they were forbidden to look out of. They never saw each other, were not even sure whether the others were alive. The only time that they were

given, and made his own confessions square with those that had been forced out of U.S. prisoners in Korea. (The Communists never used Applegate's "confession," presumably because they had already finished their germ-warfare propaganda campaign by then.)

First Class. Applegate and his companions had seen so little of China that they were little help to correspondents trying to check up on reports of British Labor Party Leader Attlee's group. But when a reporter asked whether the Communists had rid China of flies, as Attlee's party had said, Applegate, Dixon and Krasner guffawed. They said that their cells were vermin-infested, and killing flies and bugs was one of the few ways they passed their time. Applegate once counted 412 insects squashed on the walls of his cell.

They did not know that they were to be released until right before it happened. Then each got a haircut and shave. The three were reunited again when they were

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HORROR COMIC-BOOK SCENES

A severed head was in good taste,

bundled into a U.S. jeep, driven to a railway station and put aboard a first-class coach on the train. Said Applegate: "The Communists have classes, too." The prisoners never found out why they were released. In New Zealand, after some British dailies had said that Attlee secured their release during his China tour, Attlee himself disclaimed credit, pointed out that he had not even specifically mentioned the imprisoned Americans while he was in China. But whatever the explanation for the Communists' releasing them, there was no doubt about the effect that the imprisonment had had on the three. Said Correspondent Applegate: "Before this happened to me, I was a reporter [who] tried to stay neutral in the cold war between freedom and Communism. But I'm not neutral any more."

Horror on the Newsstands

On the newsstands of the U.S. and Canada, more comic books are sold than any other type of magazine. About a quarter of the 30 million comic books that readers buy each month are known as "horror comics," bearing such titles as *Tormented*, *The Thing*, *Web of Evil*. Typical plot: a graveyard digger falls in love with a beautiful girl, kills her in a fit of passion and then makes love to the corpse. When *rigor mortis* sets in, the graveyard digger is strangled in the dead girl's arms. Such gory plots and pictures, which brought on a congressional investigation of horror comics (*TIME*, May 3), have stirred up a nationwide campaign against the books.

Clean Line. Last week the campaign was running so strong that in Manhattan one of the biggest horror-comic publishers announced he was stopping publication of the books in response "to appeals by American parents." *Entertaining Comics* Publisher William M. Gaines had been a star witness before the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency. He had insisted his comic-book cover of an ax-wielding man holding aloft the severed head of a blonde was "in good taste, [but] would be in bad taste if the head were held a little higher so the neck would show blood dripping out." Gaines last week stopped his own flow of 2,000,000 horror comics a month, plans to substitute a "clean, clean line."

Publisher Gaines had another reason for

stopping his horror comics. New York's Mayor Robert Wagner recently ordered the city's lawyers to get injunctions banning the worst books under the state's obscenity laws. But many a community has already learned that comic books cannot be easily legislated off the newsstands. Five years ago New York's Governor Dewey vetoed a bill banning them on the ground that it was unconstitutional. Los Angeles County passed a similar law, only to have it knocked out by the courts. Nevertheless, in Oklahoma City, the city council recently passed an ordinance banning crime and horror comics. Some council members opposed the ordinance on the ground that the wording was so vague it could be used to ban the writings of Edgar Allan Poe or Arthur Conan Doyle. In Houston, spurred by Page One editorials in Jesse Jones's *Chronicle*, the city council also passed an ordinance similar to Oklahoma City's.

Some communities, opposed to the Oklahoma City and Houston-type ordinances because they are concerned about the effects of scattershot censorship, have turned to a better method of control. In Cincinnati, for example, a citizens' committee of businessmen, educators, clergymen and parents rates every comic book published. In Canton, Ohio, a mayor's committee started "Operation Book Swap," in two days collected 12,000 horror comic books, which were exchanged at the rate of ten to one for hard-covered books, e.g., *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Treasure Island*, *Alice in Wonderland*.

Self-Censorship. Publishers of "good" comics are as much opposed to horror books as anyone. Last week in Manhattan, the Comics Magazine Association of America, a newly formed group representing 90% of the comic-book industry, moved against "the aggressive minority trying to make a fast buck with horror comics." The organization named New York Magistrate Charles F. Murphy, 44, a specialist in juvenile delinquency, to a new post as official "censor" for the industry. On a \$100,000-a-year budget, Murphy plans to devise a "code of ethics and standards" for the industry, expects to get the cooperation of printers, distributors and publishers. Thus the comic-book publishers hope to police themselves and avoid being put out of business.



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THE THEATRE

The New Season

Hayride is one of the weirdest that ever opened a Broadway season as well as one of the worst. A long evening of hillbilly music and songs would lack charm even if it were artistically folkish. Actually, it seems to be one part Texas to four parts television.

Dear Charles (adapted by Alan Ayckbourn from a comedy by Marc-Gilles Sauvajon and Frederick Jackson) brings Tallulah Bankhead back to Broadway after five years—and itself back after a 1944 flop called *Slightly Scandalous*. A 1944 flop called *Slightly Scandalous* was adapted into a Paris hit, then *Dear Charles* into a London one.

An over-aggressive sex comedy, it has been broadened by foreign travel.



TALLULAH BANKHEAD

The voice comes up like thunder.

scarcely brightened, and Tallulah scarcely have thought twice about appearing. No doubt she did, and chose it not challenge but as a field day. Play Parisian writer who has had three children by as many lovers, she decides—now her children wish to marry respectable that she had better get married herself. The three fathers, after 20 years hence hidden to a house party.

Tasteless and labored. *Dear Charles* just enough helpful lines and situations to serve Tallulah as a vehicle. If never least hit Parisian, she is frequently loud. There are those sudden moments when her voice comes up like thunder, or freezes with raffish hauteur, or has the charm of something caged and carous. There are doubtless nobler ways of being unmistakable and unforgettable in a world where few people ever manage to be either. Actress Bankhead remains almost incessantly both.



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When the carpenters and joiners of Waltham, Mass. whittled out wooden models for L. W. Cushing & Sons' custom-made weather vanes, they had no pretensions of being artists. If they added an occasional creative or imaginative touch to these practical instruments, they were merely trying, as one craftsman put it, to "blend the useful and the agreeable."

From the wood carvings other craftsmen made cast-iron molds, and in these the copper weather vanes were hammered out. Cushing & Sons shipped them to all parts of New England to become the crowning touches on new barns, village churches and town halls. For barns, the vanes were shaped like horses, cows and oxen; for churches, there were finny picket and proud, plumed cocks; and for public buildings, spread-winged eagles.

mythical Columbias and grasshoppers (similar to the glassy-eyed insect atop Faneuil Hall, which has been showing Bostonians which way the wind blows since 1749).

For more than half a century Cushing vanes pirouetted in the wind. Finally, in the 1920s, the work of Waltham's anonymous craftsmen was discovered by folk art collectors. Edith Gregor Halpert, founder of Manhattan's Downtown Gallery, busily stripped the New England skyline of more than a hundred vanes, sold them to museums. Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art sent some abroad in an exhibition of American folk art. Seeing the show in Paris, Pablo Picasso exclaimed: "Cocks have always been seen, but never as well as in American weather vanes."

The Cushing firm has long been out of business, but Collector Halpert knew that some of the old iron molds must still be around. She searched for ten years up and down New England, finally, last year, found a jumble of 350 Cushing molds in the yard of a Chelsea (Mass.) junkman. Last week in New York's Associated American Artists Galleries, 16 new vanes shaped from the old molds were on exhibition. Considering that they were meant to be seen atop a high perch, the figures were remarkably graceful close up. Almost all were strictly realistic, but they had many touches of humor or pride. One was a soaring steed with flying mane, another a chubby Gabriel blowing a horn.

A limited number of each vane (an average of 20) will be reproduced for collectors at prices up to \$500 (price in the 1850s: about \$60). After that, Antique Hunter Halpert will donate the molds to a museum, and folk sculpture of weather vanes is likely to become as extinct as figurehead carving for clipper ships.

PEALE'S PROJECTS

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE was a sensitive little man with a long, thin nose, wide and bright blue eyes, an imposing store of energy. One of the few artists to fight in the American Revolution, he painted dozens of its heroes—four in the portraits opposite. He also inspired a whole family of artists, who will be honored next week with a comprehensive exhibition at the Cincinnati Art Museum. Star of the show will be gentle Charles himself, yet painting was only one of his talents.

Two hundred and one years ago, when Peale was twelve, his indigent mother apprenticed him to an Annapolis saddlemaker. Said he later: "[I] would much rather practice the use of my tools than ride in a coach drawn by six horses." At 25, having practiced saddlemaking, watch repairing and portrait painting with some success, he set sail to learn more about art from Benjamin West in London.

Apples & Boots. The Revolution was brewing in Peale's heart: he solemnly refused to tip his hat to King George. Home again, he painted flags for military companies, soon commanded a company himself, fought at Princeton and Trenton. Once, when his company suddenly deserted him to rob an orchard on the line of march, Peale had the presence of mind to call after them an order to fall out. Also, he made warm boots for his men in winter. But if they loved him, the enemy had little reason to fear him. He became a pacifist who passionately hated war and dueling (one duelist, he remarked, "stinks . . . as much while living as he would in four days after being shot").

When victory approached, Peale settled in Philadelphia and opened a museum of his Revolutionary portraits. The resulting portrait commissions were just enough to support his greatest joy—a bustling, boisterous family. Of his ten children to reach maturity, most dabbled in art, two became professional painters: Raphaelle and Rembrandt. Raphaelle was by far the most talented, brought still-life painting to a pitch seldom equaled before or since, and died of drink.

Bones & Backgrounds. The versatility of Peale's good friends Jefferson and Franklin helped inspire him to new labors. He gradually converted his museum into a huge panorama of natural history by mounting thousands of birds, insects, snakes and animals for display. In 1801 he paid a farmer \$300, a rifle and a couple of dresses for an odd heap of bones and permission to dig for more. From these, in his greatest scientific coup, he pieced together the first mastodon ever assembled.

In his old age, Peale retired to a big farm, which he soon made a model of scientific agriculture. He started a small cotton mill, successfully manufactured porcelain teeth for his cronies, and urged a device which he had built for taking enemas on anyone who seemed peaked. At 86 Peale died, having served freedom, progress and art to his utmost. In art, his utmost was short of greatness and not nearly as varied as the whole of his life. But he left a fine picture record of great men and great times—times in which, among other things, the artist and the man of action had not yet become strangers to one another.



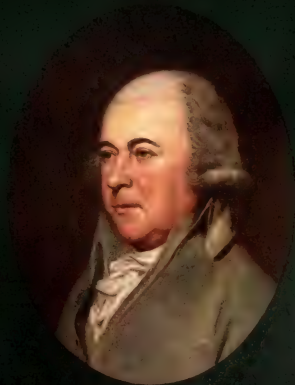
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Aluminum

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RELIGION

The Propaganda Pilgrims

Hamid Raschid, 42, and Rusi Nasar, 37, are Moslems. They knew each other in their native Russia, both contrived to escape from the Russian army in World War II, both eventually found their way to the U.S. This year they decided to go on a hadj—the pilgrimage to Mecca enjoined by the Koran upon every able-bodied Moslem.

But this was to be a hadj with a double mission. Hamid and Rusi had read with anger about the propaganda pilgrimages staged by the Russians during the hadj season. Three times since World War II Moscow had sent Communists from among Russia's large Moslem population to Mecca. Their mission: to spread the



MOSLEMS RASCHID & NASAR
in Mecca's Jannat al-Baqi for the Reds.

word that the U.S.S.R. is really the nearest thing to Mohammedan paradise and that the imperialist U.S. is out to exploit all Moslems.

Dogged & Dedicated. Hamid and Rusi went to the American Committee for Liberation from Bolshevism, Inc. (a private organization founded in 1951 to organize Soviet refugees for anti-Soviet propaganda) and argued that the U.S. should be represented in Mecca. The committee agreed to help finance the trip.

Early last month Hamid and Rusi arrived at Jidda, 40 miles west of Mecca, and promptly went to work. Wangling seats aboard the same Mecca-bound bus (a plane-load of 21 Russian "pilgrims" (TIME, Aug. 16). Hamid and Rusi claimed to be Turks, and engaged the Russians in some probing conversation. In Mecca they began distributing thousands of leaflets they had prepared, followed through with dogged and dedicated heckling.

Everywhere the Russians went, Hamid and Rusi went too, yelling such things as: "You're no pilgrims; you're Communist

propagandists! You serve the Moscow atheists!" In Mecca (pop. 90,000) there are some 13,000 Moslem refugees from Russia, so Hamid and Rusi soon had plenty of help. Riots tomatoes and Mohammedan Bronx cheers greeted the harassed Reds in Mecca's streets, and celebrities whom the Communists wanted to meet, among them Saudi Arabia's King Saud, refused to receive them. Hamid and Rusi were happy hadjis.

A Drop of Shame. But their biggest moment came at a meeting for all pilgrims in Mecca's Great Mosque, where delegation leaders reported on the state of the faith in their home countries. Back in Manhattan last week, Hamid and Rusi told about it.

In the middle of the Soviet leader's speech about religious freedom in Soviet Russia, Hamid jumped up and cried:

"How can you as a religious leader condone the crimes against religion committed by the Communist rulers?" The Russian replied that Russian Moslems such as the Crimean Tartars and the North Caucasians (who were deported and exterminated) had been punished by God, not by the Communist government. Replied Raschid: "I am a Tartar. I saw with my own eyes how the mosques were destroyed and the clergy sent to slave-labor camps in Siberia." He produced photographs to prove it.

Then he turned again to the Russian leader. "Haven't you a drop of shame left that you can say such things in front of the holy Kaaba itself, old as you are, with one foot in the grave, soon to stand in the presence of God?"

The Russians were silent.

Protestant "Encyclical"

Some Protestants have long envied Roman Catholics their papal encyclicals, which guide the faithful in applying Christian teaching to the problems of secular life. The growing unity of Protestantism is producing its own Protestant version of encyclicals—reports and messages from ecumenical bodies that represent an interdenominational meeting of minds. Last week, following the message on "The Responsible Society" issued by the World Council of Churches at Evanston, Ill. (TIME, Sept. 6), came a 2,000-word declaration from the National Council of Churches on the application of Christian principles to economic life. Highlights:

❑ In making ethical demands on economic institutions Christians "must take account of the importance of efficiency and productivity . . . as essential marks of a sound economy . . ."

❑ Christians should work to achieve a society with "a minimum standard of living," sufficient to provide health care and "suitable protection" for children, sick people, the aged and the incapacitated

❑ The small stone building that contains the Black Stone and the two keys given to the Angel Gabriel to Abraham.

N°5 - GARDENIA
RUSSIA LEATHER - N°22
BOIS DESILES

N°5
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Breaking through the web of traffic congestion

The highway traffic load, which has grown tremendously in the last twenty years, has far outdistanced new road construction. With 56 million motor vehicles now jamming U. S. highways, the nation faces a critical traffic problem.

To help solve this problem, 5,850 new turnpike miles are projected or under construction, and an estimated 50 billion dollars will be put into road building and improvement during the next ten years.

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tee performance of construction contracts, U. S. F. & G. is helping make many miles of these new highways possible. In addition, contractors throughout the United States and Canada rely on U. S. F. & G. for essential insurance coverage on road building operations and equipment.

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and the right of "all youth . . . to equal opportunities to develop their capacities."

¶ Every able-bodied adult "has an obligation and the right . . . to serve the community through work . . . Large-scale unemployment, or long-continued unemployment for any considerable number of persons . . . is intolerable."

¶ The increase of private ownership should be encouraged as "a stimulus to increased production of goods and services and a protection to personal freedom."

¶ Some "movements of social protest have rejected the church and Christian faith and have developed ideologies, often based on illusory hopes, that have become for millions of people inadequate substitutes for religion." The church should do everything possible "to disclose the illusions in these ideologies and to confront the world with the Gospel in its fullness, but at the same time it should in humility not forget that it has often obscured the radical demands of the Gospel . . ."


The General Board of the National Council of Churches voted last week to make New York City the Council's permanent headquarters because it was closest of all cities "to denominational headquarters, boards and agencies of the Council's constituent communions."

Words & Works

¶ After the Archbishop of York urged prayers for good weather to help crops, the Rev. Roger Lloyd, Canon of Winchester, wrote in the British weekly *Time & Tide*: "The Christian is bound to believe that all natural law is given by God in creation, and is intended to be a necessary part of the environment . . . The first heresy in prayer, as Archbishop Temple used to say, is the attempt to persuade God to change His mind—blasphemy in the attempt and calamity in the result . . . Our Lord . . . specifically ordered us to pray for and to heal the sick. But about the weather He had nothing to say. He simply accepted it."

¶ Writing in the British Dominican review, *Blackfriars*, Oxford's professor of Eastern religions and ethics, Robert C. Zaehner, takes apart Novelist Aldous Huxley's book *The Doors of Perception*, in which Huxley proclaims that a drug called mescaline produced in him something like a religious experience. "This is the [familiar] experience of union with nature; it is not union with God," writes Zaehner. "The Doors of Perception" cannot . . . be classed as a holy book; for holiness implies peace. There is no peace here . . . Far from approaching the Beatific Vision, Huxley "came nearer than he knew to the gates of Hell."

¶ In Ceylon, the Rev. Bob Richards, 28, consultant in Christian life activities at California's La Verne College, world's top pole vaulter and holder of the national A.A.U. decathlon title, was invited to address the Sunday school of the Methodist Church in Colombo. Suddenly the invitation was canceled. Reason: Bob, known as "the pole-vaulting padre," was found to have participated in Sunday sports.



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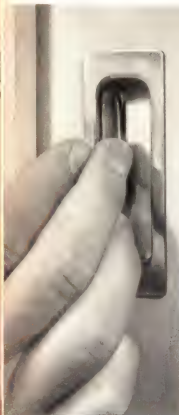
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LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING IN METALS

A new kind of brass brightens



up the American Home

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YOU CAN SEE WHY FORMBRITE'S BETTER. At the left is a 75X magnification of the grain structure of ordinary drawing brass, used for years in the production of stamped and drawn products. At the right is a 75X magnification of Formbrite. Note the superfine grain structure that gives Formbrite its superior qualities. Want to know more about this cost-saving metal? Address: The American Brass Company, General Offices, Waterbury 20, Connecticut.



WORLD'S MOST COMPLETELY ELECTRIFIED FARM. The Farm Journal and Pennsylvania Power & Light Company chose this farm near Harrisburg, Pa., to show what electricity means to farm families in the 75th anniversary of the electrical industry. From barn to kitchen—it's fitted out with modern electrical equipment and wiring. In the all-electric barn that contains calf pens and farm workshop, the wiring is Underwriters' approved, thermoplastic-insulated Durall-T, made by Anaconda Wire & Cable Company. This easily installed wire resists hot, acid, moist barn atmospheres.

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Autumn Pickup

Businessmen who have been anxiously looking forward to a fall upturn last week saw signs that it had arrived. The steel industry, heartened by an upturn in orders, scheduled operations at 66.3% of capacity, highest rate since June 28. U.S. Steel Corp. announced plans for a new "multimillion-dollar" plant in Utah for making oil and gas pipe, for a battery of 50 new coke ovens at its National Tube Division in Lorain, Ohio, and for improvements at Chicago and Pittsburgh plants.

Many another business took an optimistic view. The American Retail Federation reported to President Eisenhower that it expected this year to set a new record for retail sales, surpassing the previous peak last year. In Detroit, where auto production is tapering off for model changeovers, Chrysler Corp. estimated that it would have 84,400 workers on the payroll in the Detroit area by mid-November, up 30,300 from last month, when 1954 model output stopped, and just 3,600 under the year's high of last January. The Department of Commerce reported that industrial production bounced back 6% in August to 124% of the 1947-49 average, though it still lagged 9% behind a year ago.

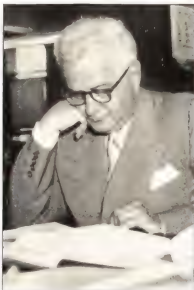
Businessmen seemed just as confident of the long-term future. Frank M. Folsom, president of the Radio Corp. of America, predicted that more than 350,000 color television sets will be sold by the end of 1955, and that sales should reach an annual rate of 5,000,000 by 1958. RCA, he said, has already invested \$50 million in color television, is now going into production of a 21-in. color set to sell between \$800 and \$900. As for black-and-white sets, said Folsom, more will be "sold in 1954 than in any of the previous seven years."

HOUSING

\$100 Million Windfall Profits

In its first roundup report on the housing scandals, the Administration estimated last week that windfall profits were well over \$100 million in the 1,547 projects investigated. The report was prepared by William F. McKenna, a Los Angeles lawyer appointed by the Administration five months ago to check up on the Government-sponsored projects.

In 90% of the projects,* said he, there were windfall profits as a result of watered-up mortgage loans, insured by the Federal Housing Administration under the Housing Act's Section 608. McKenna put the blame for the skulduggery directly on ex-FHA Assistant



FHA'S POWELL
He gambled and lost.

Commissioner Clyde L. Powell, whose gaudy gambling career put the FBI on his trail last year and started the whole investigation (TIME, July 12).

"The story of corruption in FHA's post-war apartment construction program," said McKenna, "is largely the story of the reign of . . . Powell." Said the report: "The total of payments stated to have been made by various [building] promoters to him, and Powell's receipts for which no other explanation can be found, goes comfortably into six figures for the years 1946 to 1950." Pressed for a more spe-



Howard Mayer, Pittsburgh Press
FINANCIER RICHMOND
He gambled and won.

cific figure. McKenna would only say "in excess of \$100,000." But a top housing official thought even that estimate "was only a small part of the total."

Answered Powell, who was appointed to the agency during F.D.R.'s first term, last week: "I deny that . . . anybody . . . has evidence that any . . . promoter ever paid me any money during my tenure of office . . . in connection with official business." But the Administration may have trouble pressing its charges against Powell any further, since the three-year statute of limitations ran out on much of its evidence more than a year ago. Nevertheless, the Attorney General plans to request a special grand jury in the District of Columbia to go into the scandals. Among the first witnesses to be called: Powell.

CORPORATIONS

Tycoon (j.g.)

Frederick W. (for William) Richmond is a slim, sandy-haired ex-Navyman who at the age of 30 has achieved the rank of tycoon (j.g.). In three short years, Bachelor Richmond (with the help of various associates) has built up a string of seven companies producing everything from machine tools to pots and pans, with an estimated value of \$30 million. He has become, as one business acquaintance calls him, "a speculator in companies"—specifically companies that can be bought for less than their asset value. In pursuit of this goal, young Richmond has tapped corporate pension funds, which, he says, "are getting to be the largest source of capital in the world."

Last week the town of Follansbee, W. Va. (pop. 4,435) was up in arms over the latest Richmond deal. What upset the townspeople was an announcement by Republic Steel Corp. that it would buy most of the production facilities of 142-year-old Follansbee Steel Corp., the company that gave the town its name, pack them on freight trains and move them to Gadsden, Ala. The seller, Fred Richmond. Since Follansbee employs 90% of the town's work force, the deal spelled disaster. Said Mayor Frank Basil: "There won't be anything here to keep this community alive."

But for Fred Richmond it was a good way out. Six weeks ago, directors of money-losing Follansbee Steel agreed (subject to stockholder approval) to sell Follansbee's plants and warehouses to Richmond and his associates for \$0.3 million. At the time, said Richmond last week, he thought that he could find a buyer who would continue to operate Follansbee at its present site. But after approaching 18 integrated steel companies

* At week's end Federal Housing Czar Albert M. Cole released an additional list of 40 apartment projects, which resulted in another \$14 million worth of windfalls.

* Texas' Wheeler-Dealer Clint Murchison simultaneously agreed to buy Follansbee's "corporate shell," i.e., cash assets and New York Stock Exchange listing (TIME, Aug. 23).

TIME CLOCK

with no success, he finally accepted the offer from Republic, even though it might bring doom to the town of Follansbee. Last week Richmond made an offer of his own to the town: he would pay a full year's salary for an executive secretary if the townspeople would form a promotional organization to lure new industry to Follansbee.

Crapshooter I/c. Boston-bred Fred Richmond got his start in business at Harvard, in the Navy's wartime V-12 officer-training program. In his spare time, he ran a one-man tax consultant service and drummed up ads for the Harvard *Lumpoon*. Shipped to the Pacific before finishing Harvard, he came out of the war a radioman third class and crapshooter first class. He graduated from Boston University, then used \$1,400 of Navy dice winnings to start an ad-sales office.

He switched to export-import, made his first big deal with an Argentinian who wanted half a million yards of a certain type of cloth. Richmond found the cloth at the War Assets Administration, bought it with credit from a Boston bank for which his father did legal work. On the resale, he cleared \$40,000. He soon expanded into steel and chemicals. By 1948, when he was 24, he had an expanse of plush offices in Manhattan and his business was grossing \$11 million a year. Then in the recession of 1949 he was hard hit. His business dropped off sharply, and Exporter Richmond decided to become Financier Richmond.

Private Operator. With the help of money from friends, he started by buying W. Ralston Co., a small New Jersey paper converter, for \$550,000, later sold out for a profit. In rapid succession, he picked up five more companies, three of which he still controls: Brubaker Tool of Millersburg, Pa. (price \$600,000); Toledo's Baker Brothers, manufacturer of automatic factory equipment for Ford, General Motors and others (\$1,500,000); Detroit's Gear Grinding Machine Co. (\$1,600,000). This year alone, Richmond headed syndicates buying Pennsylvania's Birdshoo Steel Foundry & Machine Co. (\$4,000,000), Hydraulic Press Mfg. Co. (\$4,000,000), and (last week) Detroit's Republic Gear Co. (\$2,700,000). Says Richmond: "I look for situations where the stock is being traded at a price that is sufficiently low so that my offer to stockholders, while under the book value, is still more than the price at which the stock is being traded."

Though he calls himself an operating man, Richmond leaves actual company operations to others. Says he: "I only look after stuff I'm capable of handling—finances and that stuff." As a private operator, Richmond is closemouthed about his associates, who vary from deal to deal. For would-be colleagues, Richmond has a word of caution: "My enterprises are strictly venture capital. It's not like buying Du Pont bonds."

F-100 SUPER SABRE production will be stepped up by North American. It has just received a new order from the Air Force for more than \$100 million worth of the supersonic fighters. To meet the demand, North American is tooling up its Columbus, Ohio plant to supplement production at its main plant in Los Angeles.

SHERATON HOTELS purchased working control of New York's 750-room Astor Hotel from William Zeckendorf's Webb & Knapp (TIME, Aug. 9) for \$1,400,000, thereby added the 30th hotel to its chain.

WEST GERMANY, which has been pressing for currency convertibility, took a big step on its own to free the mark. It unfroze \$3 billion worth of blocked marks held by foreigners, made them exchangeable for foreign currencies. But Britain, once leader in the convertibility parade, is now dragging its feet, partly because of Labor's opposition and a drop in dollar exports. Though Chancellor of the Exchequer R.A. Butler is on his way to the U.S. to discuss the exchange problem, chances that sterling will be made convertible this winter—as expected a few months ago—are dim.

RUSSIA IS EDGING into foreign markets, apparently for propaganda purposes. Although pressed for steel at home, the Communists are working on a deal with India to build a big (500,000 tons yearly) steel plant, sell it to India on easy terms (2% or 2½%, ten years to pay). Other projects: selling cheap tractors (\$877) to the Indian Agriculture Ministry, exporting automobiles (the Pobedsa) to Finland and Sweden, building oil pipelines and storage tanks, grain bins and paved roads in Afghanistan.

TITANIUM OUTPUT is going up. Union Carbide and Carbon Corp. will build a \$31.5 million titanium plant (the nation's biggest) at Ashtabula, Ohio, to produce 7,500 tons yearly of high-quality metal (total current U.S. production: about 5,000 tons). To

guarantee Union Carbide a market, the U.S. Government signed a five-year contract to buy, at going prices, all titanium not sold to private industry.

ATOMIC POWER PLANT will be built in New England as soon as the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission gives the go-ahead. A group of eleven utilities that sell more than 90% of New England's electricity have formed the Yankee Atomic Electric Co. to work with the commission on a prototype nuclear energy plant.

FORD'S COMBAT CAR, a smaller, faster, lighter version of the Willys jeep, will soon be put through rigorous field tests. Ford claims its experimental XM-151 will cost less than the jeep, but get 30% more miles to the gallon, give a smoother ride.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE is working on a deal to move into Japan by taking over Japanese-owned Pine Sewing Machine Co. Singer wants to modernize and expand Pine, but the Japanese sewing-machine industry, already in a slump, is bringing heavy pressure on the government to keep Singer out.

MACHINE TOOL INDUSTRY will get a \$100 million shot in the arm from the Pentagon, which is readying orders for heavy grinders, borers, lathes, etc. to fill its mobilization stockpiles.

PEACE PACT signed by the A.F.L.'s International Association of Machinists and United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners will end a 40-year feud. A.F.L. is also setting up a plan to arbitrate all disputes among its 110 affiliates, thereby try to head off all future jurisdictional walkouts.

EUROPE'S BOND MARKETS are recovering. For the first time, the World Bank placed a dollar bond issue (\$50 million, five-year, 2½%) completely outside the U.S. Investors in 23 countries oversubscribed it by \$28 million.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Ford into Simca

One evening last March, Francis Carlson ("Jack") Reith, general manager of Ford of France, went to an American Embassy dinner in Paris and found himself sitting next to Henri-Théodore Pigozzi, managing director of Simca. France's third highest automaker (after Renault and Citroën). The two started talking shop, found that their ideas about France and about automobiles were remarkably similar. This week the meeting of their minds gave France a new industrial giant. French Ford stockholders voted to merge their company with Simca, making the new company second in size only to the nationalized Renault auto works. Pigozzi only 30 years ago was an obscure scrap-

iron exporter, became head of a company that Reith calls "comparable to General Motors in the French auto industry."

Hottest Thing in France. Italian-born Motorman Pigozzi, 56, has had a supercharged rise in the French auto business. He left the scrap business in 1926 to become the French distributor of Italy's Fiat cars. When he ran into import and tariff troubles, he took over a small assembly plant in France. In 1934, after assembling 32,000 Fiats, he bought out a bankrupt auto factory near Paris for \$100,000 and organized Simca (Société Industrielle de Mécanique et Carrosserie Automobile). Gradually he loosened his ties with Fiat, and today Simca, while it still uses Fiat designs on a royalty basis, is Pigozzi.

Simca's sleek little Aronde car is con-

THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY

Caught Between Stagnation & Progress

THE textile industry, one of the oldest in the U.S., is also one of the sickest. For many a company the depression started three years ago—and it has got steadily worse. As a result, a great wave of mergers is sweeping through the industry, bringing a realignment of some of the oldest textile mills. Burlington Mills spent \$33 million to buy Pacific Mills and Goodall-Sanford (TIME, July 26). M. Lowenstein & Sons bought control of famed old Wamsutta Mills. Mergers are now pending between Botany Mills and Daroff & Sons, and between Textron Inc., American Woolen and Robbins Mills. The mergers are either to put money-losing companies on a better competitive footing or to make profitable companies stronger for further rough times ahead. But few textilemen believe that in bigness alone there is strength. The industry is hampered by too many other problems, such as overproduction, bad management and labor troubles.

The troubles began to crop up before World War II, when great technological advances in spindles and looms elbowed antiquated New England plants into obsolescence. In normal times these plants would have been forced to shut down. But World War II kept the demand climbing, and every plant hummed with war orders. At war's end the pent-up demand from abroad brought a new flood of orders, and the Korean war also gave it a short-lived boost. Thus, for more than a decade, the demand for textiles has been artificially high.

Readjustment to a shrunken, peacetime market was further complicated by a drop in exports as war-torn nations got back in the markets again. Result: U.S. exports of cotton goods, which totaled 1.5 billion square yards in 1947, were down to 600 million square yards last year.

As in other industries, textilemen were faced with rising production costs. But their problem was worse. Featherbedding was suffocating the highly organized mills of New England. For example, some union contracts specified that a millhand could tend no more than six looms, even though workers in unorganized factories were tending 18 or more. Thus many of the high-cost New England plants became marginal producers, or lost money heavily. Instead of shutting down marginal mills as demand fell off, most of the industry kept them going, often at a loss, in a vague hope that business would improve.

Every problem in the factories was matched by problems or poor management in the executive offices. For example, American Woolen Co., which earned as much as \$21 a share, paid out most of it in dividends, built up little reserve for modernizing equipment and building new plants. Furthermore, as synthetics became popular, some producers did almost no research on new weaves and styling to meet the new competition.

The great flight of mills from the North to the South (where only 15% of mills are unionized v. 75% in the North) saved many a faltering company. Not only were labor costs cheaper in the South, but the new mills were far more efficient. The South has other advantages, e.g., it is closer to such raw materials as cotton and cellulose, and taxes are lower. But concentration of the industry in new areas is creating new problems for textilemen. So many companies have gone South that rising wages in some areas are almost as high as in New England. The cost of building schools and streets for new mill communities is forcing taxes up.

Despite the closing of Northern mills, the industry is still saddled with too many antiquated, marginal mills. The Census Bureau's 1950 count still showed more than 10,000 textile mills operating in the U.S., 75% of them with fewer than 100 employees each, compared to 6,400 mills in 1940.

Nevertheless, amid all the troubles, some companies are showing the way out. Deering, Milliken & Co., Inc. has pioneered in combining synthetic and natural fibers and has found profitable new markets. Cone Mills has profitably boosted denim for men's suits, curtains, etc. For many other companies mergers are probably the answer. Although it was profitably producing synthetics, Burlington Mills bought up Goodall-Sanford and Pacific Mills to diversify its cotton- and wool-producing facilities, thus have a hedge against the ups and downs in both the synthetic and natural fiber markets. Despite their troubles, textilemen believe that long-range prospects are good, since per capita consumption of textiles in the U.S. has been steadily climbing for more than 30 years, and there is every indication the trend will continue. But production is still outstripping sales. Thus things will probably get worse for the marginal producers—who may be forced to merge, shut down plants or go out of business—before they get better for the entire industry.

considered the hottest thing on the French market today. Priced at \$1,870, it is a strong competitor in popularity to the \$995 Renault Baby. Simca's passenger-car output in the first six months of 1954 totaled 40,674. Net profit last year was \$1,570,000. Simca's exports have climbed from 4.77% of all French cars sold abroad in 1949 to 18% last year.

No Place to Grow. Ford of France had good reasons to merge with Simca. Until two years ago French Ford was in trouble. The first postwar model of the Vedette, its bestseller, was brought out in November 1948 with a 67-h.p. engine* that proved underpowered for the weight of the car. It sold well until the sellers' market disappeared. Then French Ford began to lose money. Jack Reith and a team of experts were sent over from Detroit early last year to put the company on its feet. They cut labor and materials costs, produced 20,338 passenger cars in 1953 and



AUTOMEN REITH & PIGOZZI
Shoptalk produced a new giant.

converted a \$2,000,000 loss in 1952 to a profit of \$1,000,000 last year. Reith has already rolled up earnings of \$1,500,000 in the first seven months of 1954 and has completely redesigned the Vedette and cut its price. But Reith was also convinced that Ford of France had no place to grow. Said he: "There is a definite ceiling on the French market for a medium-priced car like the Vedette. We have 6% of the total French automobile production, and with this figure we hit the ceiling."

Target: 700 Cars a Day. Reith convinced U.S. Ford, which owns 55% of the French company's stock, that it would be best to merge with Simca. This gives Simca Ford's 60-acre plant at Poissy, eleven miles from Paris, with 4,500 workers and 3,000 machine tools, plus its own 55-acre plant at Nanterre, with 9,000 workers and 3,200 machines. Production next year is scheduled at 500 Aronde and 200 Vedette passenger cars a day; about

* French car builders keep horsepower low because income-tax inspectors use it to estimate a citizen's wealth, call it a "signe extérieur de richesse."



Regular slimline, left, gives 620 units of light. New High Output Rapid Start lamp, right, gives 840 units of light.

NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC FLUORESCENT LAMP GIVES $\frac{1}{3}$ MORE LIGHT THAN ANY PREVIOUS FLUORESCENT

LIGHTS ALMOST INSTANTLY—General Electric announces the most important advance in fluorescent lighting in 10 years: the new High Output Rapid Start fluorescent lamp. The 96-inch High Output lamp gives 36% more light than the most powerful G-E fluorescent lamp previously available.

For new installations, General Electric High Output lamps offer this $\frac{1}{3}$ bonus of light without increasing the number of fixtures or maintenance costs.

This big increase in light, with no increase in lamp size, has been achieved through a special cathode developed by General Electric which permits a boost in lamp wattage to 100. Because the cathode is of the famous General Electric triple coil design, these Rapid Start lamps light up almost instantly. General Electric High Output lamps have a rated

life of 7,500 hours, the same as all General Electric general lighting fluorescent lamps.

A new G-E base and socket design protects the lamp contacts by recessing them. A simple push-pull sets the lamp in its fixtures.

HAS VARIETY OF USES

The new General Electric High Output fluorescent lamp is especially suited for use in areas with high ceilings, in factories, warehouses, offices and stores. Also in store windows, showcases and other places where you want higher lighting levels in keeping with the modern trend. New fixtures designed for the G-E High Output lamp will soon be available from a number of lighting fixture manufacturers.

For information, write to Lamp Division, General Electric Company, Dept. 166-T-9, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

So You Want to Speculate...

Good.

It's that spirit, that willingness to take a risk, that helped build America. It was true of the early explorers and fur traders, of the Henry Fords and the John D. Rockefellers. And it's true of thousands of today's business men. Yes, and millions of farmers, for every man who ever put a seed in the ground remains inevitably a speculator.

But *should* you speculate? Specifically, should you speculate in commodities and thus elect to share with the farmer the natural hazards of bringing a crop to market?

The answer depends on you—on your temperament, on your financial ability to carry the risks involved, and above all things, on your knowledge of exactly what you're doing. For the man who buys or sells futures contracts without the most complete and reliable information he can lay his hands on—information about crops, markets, and prices—isn't a speculator. He's just a fool.

So if you want to speculate, we'll be glad to consult with you about the outlook for any commodity market and about the extent to which your own situation will prudently permit you to speculate.

As a starter, you might like to study our little pamphlet *"Speculation as a Fine Art."* You'll find it a challenging review of the certain risks and the uncertain rewards of speculation. We'll send you a copy without charge or obligation, of course. Just write—

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HARTFORD HOTEL. ERIE STEEPLE & NEW ORLEANS OFFICE BUILDING.
Out of the kitchen sink.

40% of the French market. The new Vedette so impressed foreign dealers that the Belgian distributor ordered 3,500 and the Swiss distributor 2,500 after the showing last week.

On the Paris Bourse and American Stock Exchange, stock traders looked with favor on the Simca-Ford combine. French Ford shares rose from 56¢ last January to \$1.87 on the American Exchange, while Simca stock went from \$34 to \$54 a share on the Bourse. Stockholders of Ford of France will get one share of Simca for each 23 shares they now hold. They will be entitled to a dividend of \$2.14 paid on Simca stock last May (i.e., about 9¢ a share on Ford stock) and will also have a U.S. market for their stock when Simca is listed on the American Exchange in New York.

BUILDING

Porcelain Walls

In Hartford, Conn. the Statler chain opened its newest hotel, and displayed a spectacular use for a new, fast-growing building material. The hotel's outside walls are sheathed with brilliant, blue-green porcelain-enameled steel panels. Statler is so pleased with the effect that it plans to use forest-green panels on its Dallas hotel, now abuilding.

Across the U.S., many another new building is wrapped in brightly colored, porcelainized steel. In New Orleans the 17-story Texas Co. building is a rich green; in Dearborn, Mich. Ford Motor is planning a vast (650,000 sq. ft.) headquarters in blue-green. In Erie, Pa. the steeple on the First Presbyterian Church is eggshell white.

Porcelain enamel was used chiefly for bathroom tubs and sinks until after World War II. Then a handful of companies began turning out the panels in volume. The panels have a thin coat of porcelain on the outside and a thick layer of gypsum board on the inside, thus are a complete wall in themselves. Since they are

only about 2 in. thick (v. 10 in. or more for masonry walls), they save about a square foot of space in an average room. They are fireproof, highly chip resistant, and their colors do not fade.

ADVERTISING

New Rules for Cigarettes

For years the Federal Trade Commission has tried snuffing out misleading cigarette ads as often as they appear. But by the time a cease-and-desist order can be issued, the company in question is apt to be off on another tack. Last week the FTC attempted to bring the industry into line all at once by issuing a new set of "suggested" rules for cigarette-ad copy. In view of recent studies linking cigarettes to cancer and heart trouble, FTC thought that the time had come to guard the public from misleading ads.

Under the code, the ads would not claim that smoking a particular brand "is beneficial to health in any respect," or "nonirritating." Nor would they imply that a brand's ingredients, method of manufacture, length, added filter, etc., reduce nicotine, coal tars and resins unless scientifically proved. The ads would not refer to the "throat, larynx, lungs, nose, or any other part of the body," or to "digestion, energy, nerves or doctors."

There were taboos on other familiar copy devices. For example, FTC wanted the phony testimonials ended and "only genuine testimonials" used that represent the "current opinion of the author who currently smokes the brand named." Also, there should be no comparative claims made regarding the sales of competitive brands unless they are verified. By and large, FTC thought the ads ought to stick to "matters of opinion." The commission invited the tobacco firms to make suggestions on the new rules before they are officially put into effect within several months. "After that," said a spokesman, "if the manufacturers violate the standards, FTC will take action."

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Robert D. Howse, 46, who joined Waterman Pen Co., Inc. in May 1952 as executive vice president, moved up to the presidency last week. Yaleman Howse (30) began his business career at Agfa-Ansco, later joined the Chicago management-engineering firm of Melvin J. Evans Co. In 1940 he became president of Argus, Inc., built up the company's sales from \$1,000,000 to \$10 million in ten years. In two years at Waterman, he has stepped up product research, modernized the manufacturing plant and revamped the sales organization. He brought out a sapphire-point pen and last week introduced the Waterman C/F, a nib-point pen that is filled with a cartridge, like a ball point; Howse says it "will put growth back into the fountain-pen business." Howse succeeds Frank D. Waterman, 50, a grandnephew of the founder, who becomes board chairman.

¶ Alfred E. Perlman, 51, was elected to the board of the New York Central Railroad (subject to Interstate Commerce Commission approval), a job he was promised when he became Robert R. Young's hand-picked president after Young's historic proxy-winning fight for control of the road.

¶ Ralph E. Moody, 64, became board chairman of Union Electric Co. of Missouri, a post which has been vacant since 1946. As the last remaining subsidiary of the North American Co., utility holding firm, Union Electric is scheduled to be completely on its own when the parent firm goes out of business next year. Since Moody became vice president in charge of operations in 1941, Union Electric's assets have doubled to \$800 million. In the same time, power sales have more than doubled to 6.7 billion kwh a year. Ex-Judge James Wesley McAfee remains president of Union Electric.

MODERN LIVING

Hush Money

From the dock of his waterfront restaurant in Freeport, L.I., Bandleader and Boat Racer Guy Lombardo climbed into a small boat with two outboard motors on the stern. As he started up one motor and raced about the water, there was the ear-splitting racket that has come to be associated with eggbeater boating. But when the motor was turned off and the other was tried out, there was a difference. From 500 ft. away, the motor could not be heard at all; newsmen riding in the boats could converse in normal tones, hear the slap-slap of the waves against the bow. Vibration was cut sharply.

Thus did Outboard, Marine & Mfg. Co., the General Motors of the outboard motor industry, unveil its 1955 lines of silent 3-hp. to 25-hp. Evinrude motors. With them—plus a similarly silenced line of Johnson outboards—Outboard, Marine's President Joseph G. Rayniak hopes to boost next year's sales 20% over 1954's record \$70 million volume. He thinks that



won't grow without water!

Lifefood of industry—water!

Everything we make, wear, use, enjoy, calls for the increasing use of water. Billions of gallons daily! And in the next 20 years industry's demand is expected to double!

Where and how will you get the water you'll need for your town or plant to grow and prosper?

Cooperate with your water authorities. Save water wherever you can in home and business. Above all, support projected plans to build new water facilities. Encourage realistic water rates. Water at double its present price would still be your cheapest commodity.

These simple steps will assure your community a plentiful supply of water for many years to come.

But act now. With water, it's later than you think!

WATER, your priceless heritage . . .
use it . . . enjoy it . . . protect it with . . .

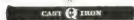
CAST IRON PIPE



Man's Most Dependable Carrier of Water—Cast Iron Pipe

This cast iron water main laid in 1847 still serves Boston, Mass. Modernized Cast Iron Pipe, centrifugally cast, is even tougher, stronger. Cast iron's proved record of long, trouble-free life saves your tax dollars.

Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3, Ill.





He's right, you know — and it's mighty important, too.

For Sanitized vans and equipment provide extra protection against germs, insects, mildew, mold and odors while in transit. Upholstered furniture, rugs, draperies, bedding and clothing are kept clean and safe in the United moving van . . . just as they would be in your own home.

This hygienic protection — Sanitized — is one more reason why discriminating people choose United moving service.



If you're planning to move, call your nearest United Van Lines' Agent. He will carefully "PRE-PLAN" every detail . . . free you of all work and worry . . . assure you a prompt, orderly move in a Sanitized van — and at a cost no higher than ordinary moving service.

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by attacking noise he is going after the outboard motor industry's No. 1 enemy.

Speed Limits. Few industries have grown as fast as outboard motors since World War II. Sales have gone up from 200,000 units in 1951 to an estimated 500,000 in 1954. Rising incomes and increased leisure time have contributed to the boom. So has the do-it-yourself trend, which makes it possible to be an outboard yachtsman, with a home-made, 23-ft. cabin cruiser for as little as \$850. Among real outboard fans, it is not unusual to hitch up two motors astern for added speed and maneuverability. Another stimulant to the boom has been the creation of man-made lakes and waterways in Southern states where boating has become a year-round sport thus helping to smooth out the seasonal peaks and valleys of the industry.

But as the putt-putt industry has burgeoned, so have its troubles. Acting on behalf of many an irate non-boater, community after community has passed laws aimed at cutting down the noise nuisance of the outboards. Today some 20 states have laws limiting speed and horsepower or requiring certain muffling standards. Five states limit outboards to 7 h.p. or less.

At the Helm. Outboard. Marine's new motors are not the first attempt to cut down on outboard noise. Evinrude, then a separate company, introduced the first underwater exhaust in 1921. After Evinrude merged with Johnson to form Outboard, Marine in 1937, mufflers and other silencing devices were developed under the direction of President Ralph S. Evinrude, son of Evinrude's founder. But the move to silence the entire line of Evinrudes and Johnsons was made after Joe Rayniak took Outboard. Marine's helm in a management shake-up a year and a half ago (TIME, Feb. 9, 1953). Under Rayniak, 64, who started as a toolmaker, the company spent some \$2,000,000 in research on sound. With its silent motors, Outboard Marine, which now has about half of the market, expects to help boost the number of outboards in use in the U.S. from 4,000,000 to 15,000,000 in ten years.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Giant Tractor. General Motors entered the earth-moving equipment field last week with a 26-ton, twin-diesel (each engine 190 h.p.) crawler tractor, more powerful than any now in production. The tractor will be on sale early next year at a price to be set later.

Plastic Boat. A 51-ft. plastic boat drawing less than two feet of water when loaded to its five-ton capacity has been built for the Army by the Englander Co. Constructed in bolted sections, the craft can be taken apart for air shipment. The

results, in the 1954 line, air intakes are silenced, and special rubbers-and-leads mounts have been added to "isolate the motor from the boat," thus cut down the sound/blast effect of the boat's hull. In addition, the power heads of all the company's larger motors (120 h.p. and up) are now clamped in a rubber-sealed casing that keeps the noise in and the water out.



OUTBOARD MARINE'S RAYNIAK
The eggcooter was silenced.

1½-in.-thick hull of resin-treated cotton duck sandwiched between layers of Fiberglas is five times stronger than steel of equal thickness, only a fourth as heavy.

Little Savers. To encourage savings by children, the Bank of Commerce in Woodbury, Tenn. has installed a three-foot-high teller's window. First week's results: 20 new depositors.

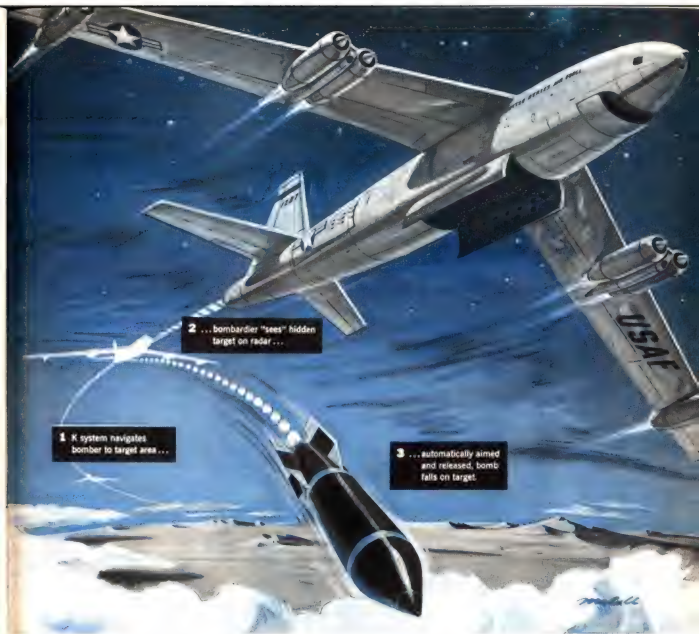
Check Records. A checkbook with carbon paper inserts similar to a sales-slip book was put on the market by Mor-Ezy Co., of Dallas. When a depositor writes a check, the carbon copy serves as a record.

Telephone Commercials. Chicago's Bargain Shopping Services, Inc. has launched tape-recorded commercials on the telephone. By dialing B.S.S.'s number, a shopper can hear plugs for six items billed as the day's "best buys." Advertiser's cost: \$15 daily plus 1¢ a call.

Radioactive Guard. To protect factory workers, Hazatrol Corp. of San Francisco has developed a radioactive leather wristband that stops machines when a careless worker endangers himself. The wristbands are radioactive enough to set off a Geiger counter that controls a safety-stop mechanism. But the radioactivity is too low to harm workers. Installed price of the control mechanism: about \$300.

Chemical Scarecrow. To keep birds off window sills, ledges, etc., National Bird Control Laboratories of Skokie, Ill. put on the market a chemical in an aerosol container. The chemical, harmless to people and birds, will keep birds off any surface it is sprayed on. Price: \$2.50.

Easy Popper. Pre-seasoned popcorn, in an aluminum-foil package that can be popped by putting the pan-shaped container on the stove, has been put on the market by Top Pop Products Co., of Detroit and Taylor-Reed Corp., of Glenbrook, Conn. The foil expands as the corn pops, keeps the popped corn hot for an hour. Price: 39¢.



USAF DESTROYS UNSEEN TARGETS; PLANES USE RADAR BOMBSIGHT

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY:

■ You've read headlines like the one above, reporting the precision of Air Force bombing—during tests. Within hours after an aggressor attack, you would read them again—reporting deadly counteraction. Night or day, regardless of weather, America can carry out its policy of instant retaliation to any aggressor—in any part of the world.

■ Now in large-scale production, the Air

Force K Bombing System combines automatic navigation with all-weather identification and bombing of any target. With the aid of the Sperry Gyropilot® Flight Control and the K System, the crew flies the high-speed bomber to the target area. Using the Sperry-designed Bombing Navigational Computer, the bombardier locates the target optically, or if hidden, by radar. The effects of speed, altitude and wind on the falling bomb are automatically computed, enabling the bombardier to score direct hits. In simplifying the complex job of bomb-

ing at extreme altitude from high speed jets, the K System permits more time and flexibility on the bomb run... more certainty of "mission completed."

■ There's little resemblance between this automatic "brain" and the first bombsight developed by Sperry for use in World War I—a simple telescope and range scale no larger than an egg beater. But both were made possible because a military-industry team anticipated the needs of modern defense—then met those needs with a strategic bombing program which authorities credit with helping to prevent a new global war.

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Safeway Stores, Incorporated

World's Second Largest Retail Food Concern

MID-YEAR EARNINGS UP

NET SALES GAIN 4.4%

Net sales for the 24 weeks ended June 19, 1954 reached a new all-time high of \$821,863,404. This was 4.4% higher than net sales of \$787,578,737 in the same 1953 period.

NET PROFITS CLIMB

The Company's net profits for the first 24 weeks of 1954, after all income taxes were \$6,615,971. This was an increase of \$423,039 over a net profit of \$6,192,932 for the same 24 weeks last year. Included in the 1953 net profit figures is a return of \$212,885 excess profits taxes.

DIVIDENDS AND EARNINGS

The June 1954 quarterly dividend of 60¢ was the 111th consecutive dividend paid shareholders of Safeway's \$5.00 par value common stock. After deducting preferred stock dividends of \$680,661, earnings for the 1954 period amounted to \$1.76 per share of common stock on 3,369,521 shares, average number out-

standing during the period. This compares with earnings in the same 24 weeks of 1953 of \$1.76 from operations, plus 7¢ from excess profits taxes recovery relating to prior years, or a total of \$1.83 per share of common stock on 2,874,651 shares, average number then outstanding. Average number of common shares outstanding in 1954 has increased by 494,870 shares over the average number in 1953.

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

| Safeway Stores, Incorporated and all subsidiaries | June 19, 1954 | June 13, 1953 |
|---|---------------|---------------|
| Total Net Assets . . . | \$165,847,270 | \$133,623,379 |
| Total Current Assets . . . | 246,826,572* | 235,456,311 |
| Total Current Liabilities . . . | 132,778,901* | 148,816,346 |
| Book value per share of Common Stock . . . | \$1.73 | 29.71 |

*Rate of current assets to current liabilities as of June 19, 1954 was 1.86 to 1.

Safeway Stores, INCORPORATED

MILESTONES

Born. To Eve Arden, 42, wide-eyed, wisecracking radio-TV comedienne (*Our Miss Brooks*), and Brooks West, 38, TV actor; their fourth child (the other three were adopted), second son; in Los Angeles. Name: Douglas Brooks West. Weight: 9 lbs. 4 oz.

Born. To Archduke Otto von Habsburg, 42, peripatetic pretender to the Austrian throne, and Princess Regina of Saxe-Meiningen, 20; twin girls, their second and third daughters; in Würzburg, Germany. Names: Monika, Michaela. Weights: 7 lbs.; 7 lbs. 11 oz.

Died. Clarke S. Ryan, 31, an assistant U.S. Attorney under Thomas F. Murphy, who, after Murphy resigned to become New York City police commissioner, took over the Government's case against Alger Hiss; of polio; in Manhattan.

Died. Brigadier General Paul Thomas ("Pete") Carroll, 44, White House staff secretary; of a heart ailment; in Washington. A battalion commander under Dwight Eisenhower in World War II, handsome West Pointer Carroll served Ike in a variety of posts after the war (e.g., as top aide at SHAPE), after the inauguration became the President's chief liaison officer with the Pentagon before taking over as staff secretary.

Died. Phyllis Baker Astaire, 46, wife of Dancer Fred Astaire; of cancer; in Beverly Hills, Calif.

Died. Herbert W. Hoover, 76, chairman of the board and co-founder with his father of the Hoover Co., which, in 1908 (under the name Electric Suction Sweeper Co.), marketed the first vacuum cleaners, grew into one of the world's largest electrical appliance firms (1953 sales: \$51 million); of a heart ailment; in Canton, Ohio.

Died. Burton Lee French, 79, longtime (1903-09; 1911-15; 1917-33) Republican Congressman from Idaho, onetime (1949-53) vice chairman of President Truman's Loyalty Review Board; after long illness; in Hamilton, Ohio.

Died. Frank Erne (rhymes with churn), 79, onetime lightweight (1900-1902) boxing champion, conqueror in 1900 of the immortal Joe Gans (to whom he lost the crown in a rematch that ended with a first-round, one-punch knockout), in recent years the oldest living ex-champion; of a heart ailment; in Manhattan.

Died. Helen Nicolay, 83, daughter of Abraham Lincoln's personal secretary, John G. Nicolay, and author of popular biographies of popular people (*MacArthur of Batuan, China's First Lady*); of a heart ailment; in Washington, D.C.

2. No kin to ex-President Herbert Hoover.

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\$199.95

Big 21-inch glare-free picture. Minimized tube for extra deep, extra sharp picture values. Exclusive "Out-Front" speaker system for finer tone. Smartly styled cabinet in mahogany true Plexitone. (Also available in mahogany, bleached mahogany, walnut or maple veneers at slight extra cost.)

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WANT EXCITEMENT for a sales campaign? Paris, Hawaii, Bermuda, Hollywood are synonyms for excitement!

Boarding a giant Clipper® or Mainliner® enroute to a millionaire's vacation is one of the most exciting things a man can do . . . and the most powerful sales stimulants management can choose!



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NO MATTER WHAT your objectives, budget, destination or group size—this sales incentive package is so complete and flexible that you can plan a successful campaign in hours.

By using the facilities of Pan American World Airways and United Air Lines, Cappel, MacDonald can offer luxury travel to any place in the world and return your men to work quickly, refreshed for the job ahead. You benefit, too, from friendly shop-talk among a compact plane-load of winners.

Your honored guests are free from all worry and expense. Low package rates include everything needed to make the trip an unforgettable experience—even tips, insurance and extras like deep sea fishing, night club tours or play on world-famous golf courses.

Experts backed by 32 years' incentive experience will supervise every detail, provide merchandise consolation prizes to broaden participation, and create colorful mailings and sales meeting material. You pay standard carrier-resort rates and wholesale merchandise prices. Planning, detail and creative service are free.

The greatest names in travel and incentives assure maximum sales results, a smooth-running campaign and completely satisfied winners. Before you undertake the time, trouble and worry of another sales campaign—get the free brochure describing this unique service. Write CAPPEL, MACDONALD AND COMPANY, DEPT. 11-95, 737 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. Or phone your local Pan American or United representative.

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CINEMA

Newsreel

¶ Ernest Hemingway let word out that he was planning an independent full-length documentary on the sights and sounds of big game hunting in Africa. His associates: Frank McCarthy, Hollywood public relations man, and William Love, onetime *Look* editor turned Manhattan adman. Although he plans to lead the film-making safari across his old Kenya hunting grounds, Papa will write no scripts, do no acting. Production will start when Hemingway's novel writing permits and "Mau Mau activity . . . is at a minimum."

¶ In Cambridge, Mass., the Brattle Theater asked a court order reversing a local ban on Sunday showings of *Miss Julie*. The film, a gloomy Swedish import dealing with sexual abnormality, approved for weekday exhibition, was turned down by Massachusetts Commissioner of Public Safety Otis M. Whitney and Mayor John Foley as "inconsistent with [the Sabbath's] due observance." In neighboring Boston, RKO Pictures Corp. distributors fought a similar blue law ban on Sunday showings of *The French Line*.

¶ Movie theaters are charging higher prices than ever, reported the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. Compared with the period 1935-39, adult ticket prices have risen 97%, 4% higher than last year.

¶ To compete more readily with TV, the Motion Picture Association of America took a deep breath and let out a notch or two in Hollywood's self-censorship production code. Permitted in future films are such expressions as "hell," "damn," "fanny," "nerfs." Miscegenation "within the limits of good taste" is lawful grist for film-makers. Even jokes about traveling salesmen and farmers' daughters are permissible, if properly bleached.

Bull Session

Private Hell 36 (Filmakers) is a family picture—in a peculiarly Hollywoodish sense. The romantic leads, Ida Lupino and Howard Duff, are Mr. & Mrs. in private life, but in the picture they make love to different people. Furthermore, the picture was produced by Collier Young. Ida's next-to-last husband and still her partner in Filmakers, Inc. This perhaps partly explains why Steve Cochran, who has never been married to Actress Lupino, keeps darting uneasy glances over his shoulder while he bounces her around on the studio couch.

As a detective sergeant who makes nickels and dimes Steve has a hard time keeping up with Ida, who has a way of demanding folding money. So when Steve catches up with 300 stolen Gs, he turns in only about 220. The balance is just enough to buy him a slab in the morgue, but before they put him on it, he and Ida, as cop and suspect, have some amusing repartee-for-two (He, menacingly: "What did you do [with that man] for that money?"; She, innocently: "I sang *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* five times").

Cochran comes closest of all the new young villains to filling George Raft's hairy piece; and Actress Lupino, as is to be expected from a member of one of the oldest families in the British theater, flourishes through her part with the sad little flourish of a bat-check girl in a customer's mink. And Ida can flounce with a verve that would have delighted Grandpa Lupino, known as "Old George," who held the 10th century record for successive toe spins.

Shield for Murder (Schenck-Koch United Artists), as a moviegoer who pays close attention can probably tell, is not just a second run through *Private Hell 36*. The plots are almost identical, but there is one important difference. Edmund O'Brien, as the cop, goes sour for so little money (\$25,000) that the audience can



IDA LUPINO
Grandpa would approve.

hardly believe it until somebody explains that he is "probably psycho." The climactic comes in a chase through a swimming pool and into the girls' locker room, with the air full of hard bullets and soft flesh—a scene that may make moviegoers wonder if Actor O'Brien, who also helped to direct the picture, meant to outrage their better instincts or tickle their worse ones. In any case, *Shield for Murder* is memorable only for the work of Emil Meyer, an actor of such massive port and seemingly minute intelligence that his performance may be recognized as the definitive Hollywood attempt to characterize the eternal flatfoot. His best line: "Nayun years ay pre-sink captin. An' dis is duh fry's time I ben pulit into duh drain."

Down Three Dark Streets (Edwards Small; United Artists), for a change, is one in which the cops are not the robbers. An FBI agent (Kenneth Tobey) is killed

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while pursuing an inquiry at a private house. Another agent (Broderick Crawford) is assigned to catch the killer. To that, he has to break all three cases: a dead agent was working on a fill station murder, a hot-car shove, a simultaneous extortion caper.

On the first case, Actor Crawford into resistance from a torpedo's kept woman (Martha Hyer). "I do like men staring at me before lunch," bridles, but soon goes on to tell what like to be a lamster's widow. "I thought it would last forever, like one of those watches you don't have to wind. But sure done a lot of windin'." For a while the extortionist plays in-and-out-the window with the hot-car ring, but the game soon ends with the Feds an easy win all around, and the extortionist's victim (Ruth Roman) sighing gratefully up the great big wonderful FBI man.

Most such movies about the FBI fall into a tiresome pattern. The criminals are incredible dabs at their work and the Federal agents are clean-cut, pin-striped night-school types of horrifying efficiency who nevertheless have gentle eyes and a remote, dentist-like way of soothing frazzled women. From such pictures one would never guess that FBI men are policemen after all, just doing a dirty job well. For that they certainly deserve respect, but hardly all the candy hearts and artificial flowers.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Ugetsu. A weird and lovely Japanese film: in an Oriental spirit, the camera meditates the eye of a hurricane in human soul (TIME, Sept. 20).

High and Dry. Some tightfisted Scots men (Alex Mackenzie, Tommy Keating) squeeze the American Dollar (Paul Douglas) until the eagle screams, and the audience howls (TIME, Sept. 13).

Sabrina. The boss's sons (Humphrey Bogart, William Holden) and the chauffeur's daughter (Audrey Hepburn) are again, but thanks to Director Bill Wilder, not all the bloom is off this faded comic rose (TIME, Sept. 13).

The Little Kidnappers. Youth and crabbed age try to live together on a Nova Scotia farm: a radiant fable about childhood (TIME, Sept. 6).

The Vanishing Prairie. Walt Disney's cameramen catch some colorful, intimate glimpses (including the birth of a baby buffalo) of what animal life was like when the old Wild West was really wild (TIME, Aug. 23).

On The Waterfront. Elia Kazan's big shouldered melodrama of dockside corruption: with Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb (TIME, Aug. 9).

Rear Window. Hot and cold flashes of kissing and killing, as Alfred Hitchcock lets Jimmy Stewart, Grace Kelly and the customer get the eavesdrop on a murderer (TIME, Aug. 21).

Seven Bridges for Seven Brothers. Plutarch's story of *The Rape of the Sabine Women*, updated to make the best cinematic since *An American in Paris* (TIME, July 12).

Report on Soviet Russia:

"I paid \$1⁰⁰ a gallon for State-produced gasoline"

by Foreign Correspondent

EDDY GILMORE

I don't consider myself an expert on Russia's oil industry. I mean I don't possess a lot of fancy figures and percentages, but:

After nearly 12 years residence in Moscow and travel from one corner of that vast country to the other I come away with some very definite impressions on the Soviet Union's oil industry and ours.

I figure I bought 14,440 gallons of Russian gasoline, 160 gallons of Russian kerosine and as little Russian motor oil as I possibly could.

My cars were filled with state-produced gasoline because I couldn't get any other kind. I know nothing about octanes, but I know all my cars' developed engines that knocked. In the depth of winter the carburetor often froze.

"Why?" I asked our Russian driver.

"Because," he answered, "we've got water in our gasoline."

For this watered gasoline I paid about \$1.00 a gallon and when I had to buy it on the black market I paid a good deal more than a dollar.

The kerosine burned all right, but it wasn't always easy to find. And when I did find it I had to haul it home in my own bucket or can. I do know it smelled to high heaven.

I didn't buy Russian oil for my cars because all the chauffeurs I knew advised against it. Fortunately, I was able to buy American oil from abroad and have it shipped in. But not always. Sometimes we'd get caught short and be forced to go on the Russian market.

The chauffeur would shake his head,



Eddy Gilmore, a Pulitzer Prize winner, has just completed nearly 12 years in Russia covering the Kremlin for the Associated Press. His book, "Me and My Russian Wife," is a recent best seller.

"We're going to have trouble, Gospodin,"^{**} he would say.

And we usually did.

I have seen the oil wells of Baku. More of them at Gurev, at the northern tip of the Caspian Sea. I've ridden oil barges on the Volga. I've stood in long lines, when the mercury was flat on its stomach in the cold of a Russian winter, to buy kerosine.

I saw Russia get desperate for oil during World War II. In those days they even imported oil machinery from the U. S. and brought in American oilmen to show them how to operate it. They must have a high opinion of the American petroleum industry. After 11 years and 9 months in Russia I know I have.

⁰¹ I say "my cars" I had 9 automobiles during my time in Russia. They were used principally for business, but sometimes for pleasure.

^{**} Gospodin means "Master" in Russian and that's what any polite Russian calls a foreigner.

This report on Russia's oil industry is presented for your information by the
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BOOKS

Unmaking of an American

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED (310 pp.)—*John Dos Passos*—Prentice-Hall (\$3.50).

"... It was the wildest summer. I came back first class with a lady tennis player from Santa Barbara just to study the decadent bourgeoisie. I engaged in a Dada manifestation and helped put on a Stravinsky ballet. I interviewed Abd-el-Krim in Morocco and wrote a play called *Shall Be the Human Race* but there's nothing worth seeing in Europe except the Ballet Russe and the révolution mondiale."

It was 1926, and Jed Morris was in his 20s when he gave this account. The world was a rather large oyster for a lad without money to swallow, but Jed was the kind who would swallow it whole even if he choked. He splashed on the Marxist ketchup, and washed it all down with huge gulps of sex. Every night, after a furious day on the intellectual make, "he was in a hurry to go to sleep so that he would wake up and it would be tomorrow."

Jed is the hero of John Dos Passos' new novel, and in his person, it seems, the author sees all the fierce young social spirits who came roaring out of the '20s, got soft and successful in the '30s, dangled guiltily between big money and little treason, and have recently been hitting the sawdust trail in congressional committees.

Going Absolutely Gorky. In 1926, Jed rushed straight from the dock to the organization meeting of a new proletarian stage enterprise, reminiscent of the famous Group Theater. "Human society is suffering and dying up for lack of a creed," he soon found himself saying. "The theater will take the place of the church..." That's what I learned working with the Russians last summer. We've got to go further than they went. Abolish the prosencium arch."

Jed and his fellow playwrights went absolutely Gorky ("Dawn over Mexico, and the lone voice of a heart-broken whore singing in a cribhouse"), but one production after another lost money. "It's the goddam critics' fault," Jed sneered. When the theater folded, Jed went to back in a hell called Hollywood: "His heart jumped in his chest. For the first time it occurred to him that now he was going to be rich." He got rid of his first wife ("a peasant") and married his second (who gave his life a "Brahmin note").

But the more Jed indulged his material appetites, the more hush money he had to pay to his social conscience. After he bought a Cadillac, he told a party agent: "I think I am ready now to base my work on scientific socialism." When the Communists blandly agreed to let him have the best of both worlds, Jed gratefully accepted a party card.

Go-to-Press Clatter. *Most Likely to Succeed* is perhaps the most savage satire against the glibulous so far produced by an American. Dos Passos is angry, but he shifts his anger into a high gear of farce,



NOVELIST DOS PASSOS
Big money and little treason.

at least for the first 200 pages. Dos Passos writes with a giddy, go-to-press clatter that has not been heard in his books since the '20s, and the mood of Village radicalism in those days is brilliantly laid on.

But as the story goes on and on, and Jed doesn't change but only gets more so, readers may begin to wish that the angry author were less so. As a man who once journeyed a long way with the Communists, but decisively broke with the comrades' ideals earlier than most reformed fellow-travelers, Author Dos Passos, now 53, at length starts to sound less like a social critic than a disappointed lover.



NOVELIST TURGENEV
Too gentle and too rebellious.

Slaves & Slaves

THE TURGENEV FAMILY (179 pp.)—V. Zhitova—Roy (\$2.75).
TURGENEV: A LIFE (328 pp.)—David Magarshack—Grove (\$6).

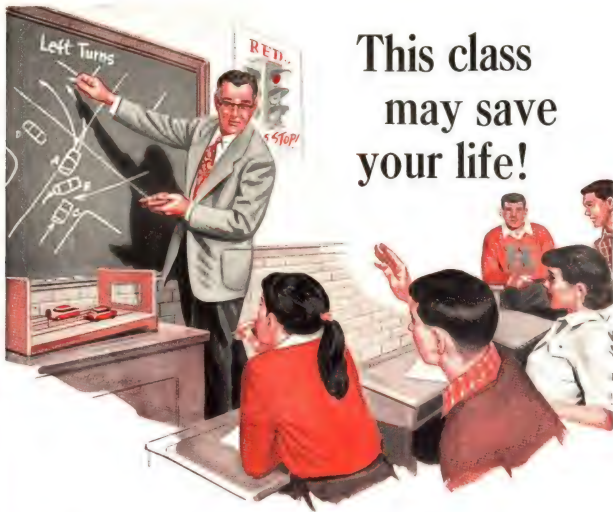
"[In Russia], the habits of slavery are too deeply implanted," says a Russian in Ivan Turgenev's novel *Smoke*. "We must have a master in everything... This master is mostly a living person, but sometimes a so-called movement gets the upper hand... Why and on the strength of what reasons we [Russians] become slaves is a mystery, but such, it seems, is our nature."

Such, too, was the nature of Novelist Turgenev (*Fathers and Sons*, *On the Eve*, *Rudin*), with the vital difference that he spent a lifetime analyzing and fighting it. Too gentle to be as dogmatic as the proud Tolstoy, too rebellious to accept the resignation of Dostoevsky, Turgenev made his place in literature as a genius who dwelt in a house divided against itself, half slave and half free.

Two new books will be invaluable keys both to Turgenev and to the "mystery" of Russian slavishness. *The Turgenev Family*, an eyewitness report written in 1884 by Varvara Zhitova, adopted daughter of Turgenev's mother, is like the beginning of a psychiatrist's case history: it deals with the patient's heredity and early environment. *Turgenev: A Life*, by David Magarshack, a competent, Russian-born biographer (*Chekhov: A Life*), is more a full-dress analysis of his great artistic achievement and personal unhappiness.

Mother Dictator. Turgenev was the slave of a mother who had herself suffered all the ignominies of enslavement. As a young girl, she was abused with "drunken violence" by her stepfather until she was 16 years old. She ran away and took refuge in the house of a "severe and miserly" uncle, who, says Biographer Magarshack, threatened not only to throw her out of his house but also to disinherit her. But when he died, she inherited his vast estates, married Turgenev's father—and set out to get her own back for the miseries she had suffered.

Father Turgenev was a landowner who spent his life chasing women; he kept out of the home and let his wife "do anything she liked." What she liked, according to Magarshack, was to make her household resemble the Czarist government as closely as possible. She gave her serfs court titles: "Maid of Honor," "Court Chamberlain." When her family physician came to treat her little adopted daughter, he was told: "Remember! If you don't cure her... Siberia!" Mother Turgenev discouraged marriage among her serfs because she liked their undivided attention for herself, so her women bore illegitimate children instead and either drowned them at birth in the estate lake or brought them up secretly for years in locked rooms. "A maid who did not offer her a cup of tea in the proper way was sent off to some remote village and perhaps separated from her family forever; gardeners who failed



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to prevent the plucking of a tulip [were] flogged . . ."

Perhaps the most terrible admission in Author Zhitova's book is that mother Turgenyev's victims were devoted to her. In return for their absolute obedience, she organized their lives down to the last detail and relieved them of all personal responsibility. One day when she nearly fainted (with sadistic excitement) while flogging her eldest son, Nicholas, he forgot his pain instantly and screamed piteously: "Water! Water for mummy!"

The Leaning Tower. Son Ivan reacted differently. He adored his mother, but he never gave an inch in his detestation of her "insensate lust for power." He grew up incapable of ever wielding power, good or bad. Invited once to dinner, he arrived late because "his valet and coachman stopped the carriage to have a game of cards, [and he] was too weak to tell them to drive on."

"He had a frame which would have made it perfectly lawful, and even becoming, for him to be brutal," wrote the young Henry James, one of his most ardent disciples. "[but his] air of neglected strength [was such] that one almost doubted whether he were a man of genius after all."

Turgenyev was no sooner free of his mother's domination than he found a despotic mistress to take her place. Pauline Viardot (Turgenyev admitted) she was "worse than Lady Macbeth." My "soul rushed madly to her feet," confessed Turgenyev—and Pauline made sure it stayed there until the day he died. European audiences, unused to the strange habits of the submissive Slav "soul," scratched their heads perplexedly when Turgenyev introduced them to it in his plays, such as *A Month in the Country*.

Rakitin. Why do you go on hurting me?
Natalya. Well, who else is one to hurt if not one's friends? . . .

Rakitin. You play with me like a cat with a mouse . . . But the mouse doesn't mind.

Natalya. Oh, you poor little mouse!

And yet, the "mouse" managed to make himself an execrated writer in Russia. Turgenyev was hated by the reactionaries for his persistent attacks on serfdom, hated by the radicals for refusing to replace a "master" of the Right with a "master" of the Left. His passion for European civilization (which caused him to spend much of his life in France and Germany) was felt as a bitter insult by Russians. Tolstoy took Turgenyev's behavior for granted—until he stumbled one day on the elderly master, his "thumbs stuck into his waistcoat," lustily dancing the cancan with a pretty girl, "Turgenyev—the cancan!" It is sad," wrote Tolstoy in his diary.

To his admirers, Ivan Turgenyev is the greatest of all the Russian writers, not merely because he was the greatest exponent of the Russian soul but because, in art as in life, he refused to twist the truth or enforce his will on human creatures. Where other great novelists marshaled facts to support their theories, Turgenyev

was content to observe, note and "lean against the facts provided for me by life." Always pitched aslant, midway between earthly submission and airy aspirations, Ivan Turgenev remains literature's tallest, finest leaning tower.

Through the Centuries

In the heady pages of historical novels, readers can be led on the straightest of fictional lines, past drawn sword and torn corsage, to the very bosom of the past. This fall's crop of historicals, ranging from Periclean Greece to 19th century North Africa, has everything the customers like, including a little history, but not too much.

THE ESCAPE OF SOCRATES, by Robert Pick (326 pp.; Knopf: \$3.95). An arresting fictionalization, lightly laced with sex, of one of history's most famous trials. Unjustly condemned to drink the hemlock on the charge that he was impious and had corrupted the young, Socrates refuses to escape and save his skin, preferring to save his soul. Not nearly as perceptive an account as Plato's, of course, but full of lively local color (garlic-eating jurymen, the seductive street wiles of Athenian slave girls) and a sympathetic look at Socrates' much maligned wife, Xanthippe.

LAUNCELOT, MY BROTHER, by Dorothy James Roberts (373 pp.; Appleton-Century-Crofts: \$3.95). The inside story, told by Sir Launcelot's brother Bors de Galis of the triangle formed by King Arthur, Queen Guinevere and the famed Knight of the Round Table. Author Roberts has the good taste to follow Sir Thomas Malory and Alfred Lord Tennyson in keeping the characters perfectly unreal and tucking the dalliance between the lines rather than between the sheets.

THE LONG SHIPS, by Frans G. Bengtsson (503 pp.; Knopf: \$4.50) offers lusty Vikings lusting and looting, bedding and battling across Europe from the Ebro to the Dnieper. The slaughter seems remote and good-humored as Christianity comes to the heathens of the north.

BRIDE OF THE CONQUEROR, by Hartzell Spence (336 pp.; Random House: \$3.95). When rich, beautiful Doña Eloisa Marta Maria del Cristofora Leovigilda Canillejas arrives in the New World, every Conquistador bachelor in Peru is waiting and many a married gallant is ready to murder his wife to possess her. Pizarro, the villainous governor, gazes down her bodice as she curtsies to him and his kisses are "like hot irons." But Doña Eloisa side-steps. In the end, Pizarro mounts the scaffold and Doña Eloisa gets the man she really loves.

BUCCANEER SURGEON, by C. V. Terry (309 pp.; Hovover House: \$3.50). St Francis Drake's surgeon, who is as expert with a cutlass as with a scalpel, tangles with the enemy on the Spanish Main, escapes the Inquisition, falls into the arms of a sweet, cream-colored little savage and has a hell of a time getting away when she curdles. He has vowed never to stab a



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man in the back or rape a virgin, and despite almost irresistible temptation on both counts, he keeps his promise.

THE DARK LADY, by *Cothburn O'Neal* (313 pp.; *Crown*: \$3.50). A quaint "theory" about who really wrote Shakespeare's plays: it was a woman, Rosaline de Vere, illegitimate daughter of the Earl of Oxford. What with the prejudice of the day and Rose's being a poor defenseless bit of a thing, Actor Will obligingly markets the plays with the Globe Theatre and signs his name to them. Rose meanwhile dashes off a great many billets-doux in the form of very quotable sonnets to her true love, the Earl of Southampton. The book is clearly marked as fiction, and not even the most credulous reader will take it as anything else.

THE SILVER OAR, by *Howard Breslin* (310 pp.; *Crowell*: \$3.95). For quite a while it looks as if *Cormac O'Shaughnessy Doyle*, Papist and imprisoned 17th-century pirate, is going to march up the gallows, but not even the rock-ribbed Puritans have the heart to hang him after saucy Jill Murdoch takes up his defense. Told in the first person by Hero Doyle with a nice mixture of racy yarn-spinning and blarney.

THE AFFAIRS OF CAROLINE CHÉRIE, by *Cecil Saint-Laurent* (218 pp.; *Crown*: \$3). One in a series of bestsellers that took Caroline through all phases of the French Revolution. Now her soldier-husband heads the Napoleonic occupation in Como in northern Italy, where he finds ample cause for jealousy. One wild night of Italian revolt, Caroline is tempted hourly by a series of suitors, ranging from a fisherman to the revolutionary leader, but every time the hot-blooded French lass is ready to succumb, the boudoir door crashes open or the long hand of coincidence plucks her up on her feet. Frustrating but fun.

AMERICAN CAPTAIN, by *Edison Marshall* (407 pp.; *Farrar, Straus & Young*: \$3.95). How a Massachusetts seaman is double-crossed by the aristocratic father of the English girl he loves, falls into the clutches of Barbary pirates, is released and not only slips his arms around a dusky native princess but also gets his hands on so much gold it takes 25 baggage camels to transport it. After taking a 16-year beating in Africa, the seaman gets a ship to skipper plus an English girl to love, and the villain of the piece gets his comeuppance.

Hindu Mock Epic

THE RAMAYANA (276 pp.)—*Aubrey Menen*—*Scribner* (\$3.50).

The *Ramayana* is the closest thing in Hindu literature to Homer's *Odyssey*. For centuries, young Hindus have been taught to revere its central characters. Dasa-ratha, the king, stands for fatherly devotion; Rama, his son and the hero of the tale, for strength of mind, arm and heart; Sita, his wife, for undying faithfulness. Under the guise of restoring the classic, *Satirist Aubrey Menen* (*The Pres-*



SATIRIST MENEN
Reality is God, folly and laughter.

alence of Witches, *Dead Man in the Silver Market*, slyly milks a sacred cow for laughs. His free-wheeling and irreverent *Ramayana* is a mock epic that owes less to its original author, the Hindu poet Valmiki, than it does to *Voltaire's Candide* and *Boccaccio's Decameron*.

In Menen's version, King Dasa-ratha is an old lecher who ministers to his harem more assiduously than to his people, and totters on his throne from lack of sleep. Venal flunkies catch the king's ear, and tell him that his son Rama plans to kill him. Under a pious pretext, the old man banishes Rama from his kingdom for 14 years. Into exile with Rama go his dutiful wife Sita and his loyal brother.

Living to Eat, Rama is a simple soul who, like *Candide*, thinks he is living in the best of all possible worlds. He can scarcely believe what is happening to him until he is down to the last princely robe on his back. Fortunately, the Hermitage of Gluttons takes the exiles in. The Gluttons' creed: "A man lives by eating . . . Whatever gods there be, one of them must be in a man's belly." Rama joins them in sacrificing to their god three times a day, and finds a friend in one fellow traveler of the Gluttons, the poet Valmiki. To while away the years, and wise up Rama in the ways of the world, Valmiki tells him some bedtime stories for grownups.

In one tale, four fishermen who do their net-casting at night are racked with doubt about the honor of their wives. The god Shiva gives them a magic powder to eat that allows each man to fish and to spy invisibly on his wife at the same time. At first the wives prove faithful, but the fishermen soon make cuckolds of each other, and inattentively lose their boat and all but their lives in a storm. In another story, a not-so-holy man seduces the wife of a rich merchant only to find in her insatiable arms a compelling argument

for the chastity he has hypocritically preached.

Laughing to Live. Rude bits of action interrupt these yarns. Amid flying swords and javelins, a robber tyrant takes Sita for his spoil, and the once dutiful wife rather likes it. In a war of comic confusion, Rama conquers the tyrant, wins Sita back, and, when his own evil father dies, resumes his rightful throne. The moral of it all? Rama asks as much of Poet Valmiki: "Is there anything that you believe is real?" Replies the poet (and the answer is obviously that of Hindu-Irish Author Menen): "Certainly, Rama. There are three things which are real: God, human folly, and laughter. Since the first two pass our comprehension, we must do what we can with the third."

Mixed Fiction

BANNER IN THE SKY by James Ramsey Ullman (252 pp.; Lippincott; \$2.75) tells how boy loves mountain, boy conquers mountain. Rudi Matt, 16, dreams of climbing the local peak known as the Citadel. Papa, who was a great Swiss guide, tried it and perished, so Mamma wants to keep her son grounded, but the boy has alpenstocks in his blood. By the bottom of the first page, he has played hooky from his dishwashing job and is off clambering from rock to rock. Seventeen pages later, he has rescued the famous English climber, Captain Winter, and even Rudi's Uncle Franz must admit this is an auspicious beginning; in his 20 years as a professional guide, Franz grumbles, "for me, there has never been a rich Englishman waiting in a crevasse." Before the reader can say "Grüss Gott!" the three of them are belaying their way toward the summit, along with a tepid villain whom Rudi also rescues, for good measure. By the author of *The White Tiger* and aimed at the schoolboy trade, this is a slick, readable fictionalized account of the 1865 conquest of the Matterhorn; half as high as Mt. Everest, and nearly half as interesting.

THE FIVE SEASONS by Karl Eska [344 pp.; Viking; \$3.95] was written out of his wartime experience in Soviet Asia by an anti-Nazi Austrian, who is using a pseudonym for this work. The fifth season of the title is famine—a famine brought on by the blunders of Russian planners in the Turkmen republic and made more terrible by the party's refusal to recognize its existence. The Reds keep parroting, "No one in this country goes hungry." As bodies pile up in the streets, the bosses try to explain them away as caused by typhus and by neglecting "the elementary principles of hygiene." In the march-past of commissars, thieves, forced laborers, secret police, distraught mothers and sullen children there are few really absorbing villains, nor are there any heroes—or even very likable people. The book's impact, as well as its conviction, comes from the author's own involvement in the horrors of which he writes: it is a cry, not only from the steppes of central Asia, but from the lower depths of Stalin's new society.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 27, 1954

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Feature Attraction. In Alicante, Spain, a cow broke loose on its way to the slaughterhouse, roamed into a movie house where a 3-D film was playing, wandered undisturbed around the front of the theater for ten minutes before the customers realized it was not part of the show.

Secret Weapon. In Columbus, Ohio, Policemen George Kegg and Ed Welch saw Pettis Adams run from a restaurant, threw their patrol car into second gear to give chase, caught their man when the noise of their backfire made Adams stop running and raise his hands.

Shoemaker's Child. In Shively, Ky., after \$50 had been stolen from its office, the Shively Insurance Co. ruefully revealed that the loss was not covered by insurance.

Out of Mind. In Philadelphia, after Harry Stone, 44, walked into the Einstein Medical Center and complained that he had suffered severe headaches for several years, surgeons began removing a 3½-inch knife blade that had been embedded in his skull for 28 years.

Fellowship. In Torquay, England, fined £2 (\$5.60) for being drunk and disorderly and entering the bedroom of Mrs. Hannah Callard, Patrick Campbell, 22, explained to the court: "I thought it was the V.M.C.A."

Double Play. In Glendora, Calif., a man walked into Reed's Hardware Store, asked to see a .45-cal. automatic, was shown a \$65 model, admiringly loaded it, pointed it at the clerk, walked out with \$41 and the pistol.

Trial Run. In Vienna, Gustav Hauhert, 40, asked the judge to let him spend his three-month sentence on an especially hard cot, added: "Also reduce my meals to the barest minimum. I have decided to go into a monastery after I leave jail, and I want to get in training."

Out on a Limb. In Hackensack, N.J., Albert Kuiken, 64, filed a \$10,000 damage suit against Theodore H. Mastin Sr., charged him with cutting down a tree while Kuiken was perched in the upper branches.

Citizen's Duty. In Baraboo, Wis., James Lee Roper, held in the county jail on a murder charge, wrote Town Clerk Carl Hirschinger: "It may be inconvenient for me to get to the polls to vote next Tuesday; I would like an absentee ballot."

Popeye. In Salem, Mass., suing Benjamin Pope Marion for divorce, Nancy Rice Marion, 29, testified that he put her over his knee, spanked her, poured a bottle of beer over her head to "cool her off" because the spinach she served him for dinner had not been chopped.

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